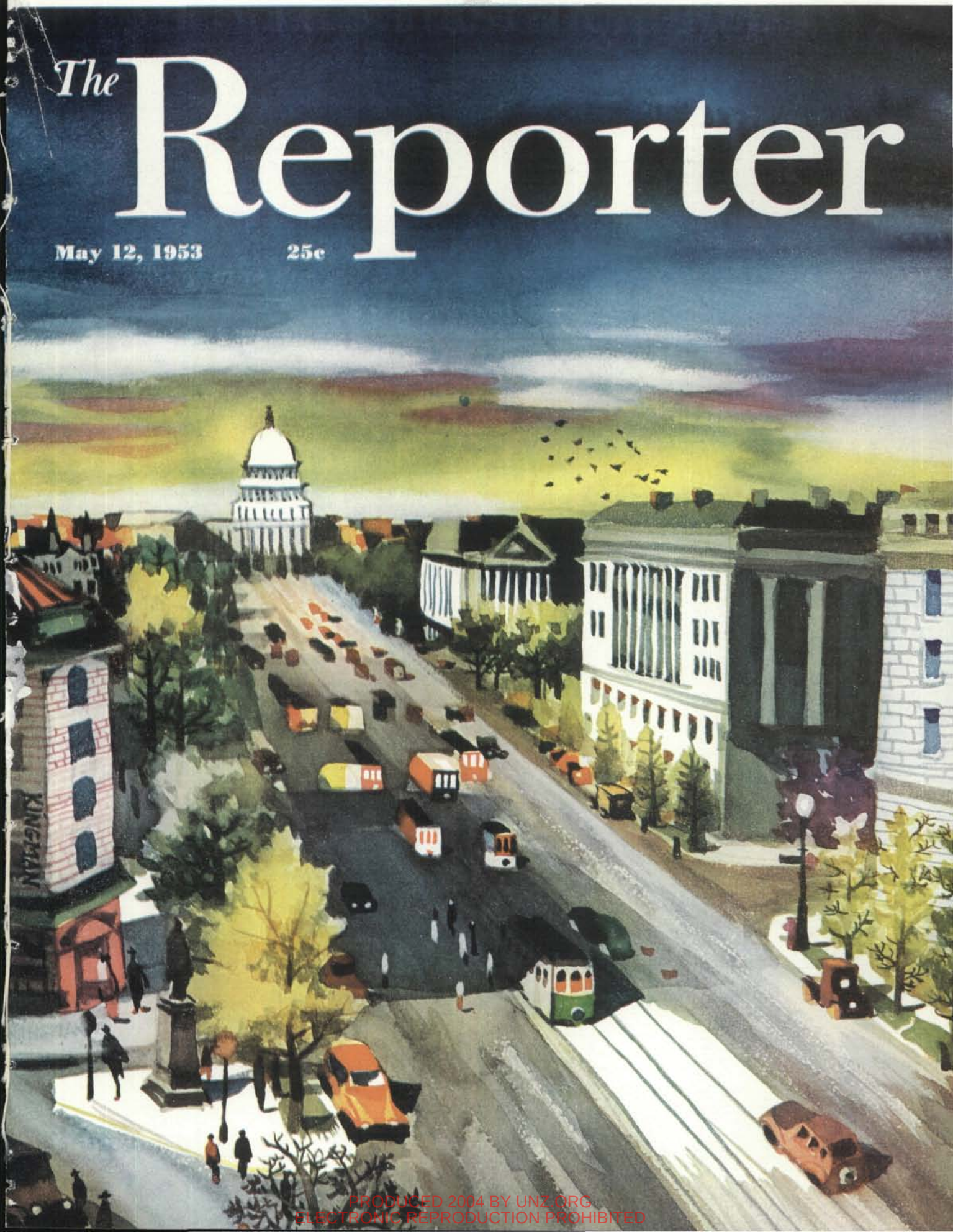
EISENHOWER'S FIRST HUNDRED DAYS

The Reporter

May 12, 1953 25c



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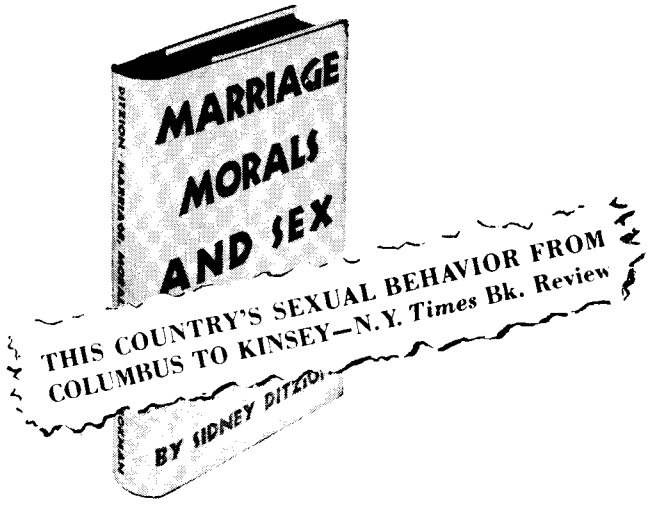

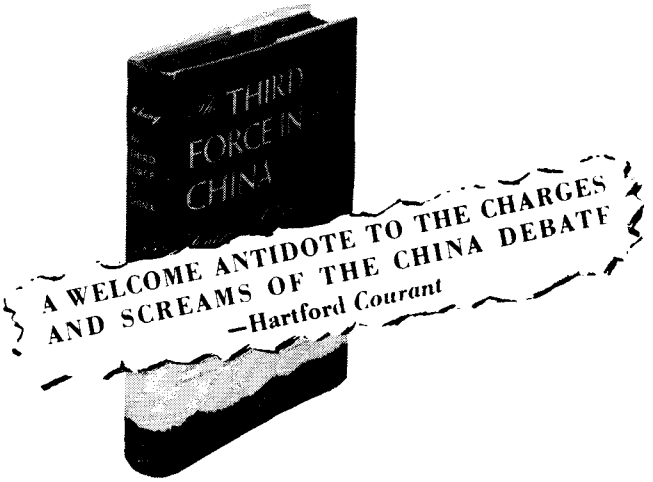

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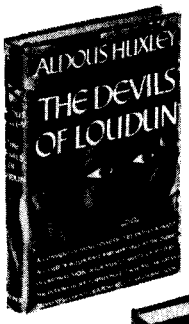

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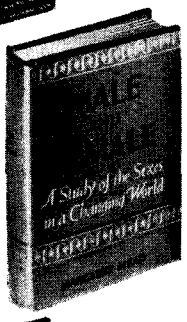

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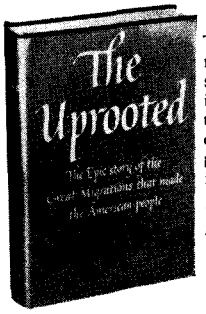

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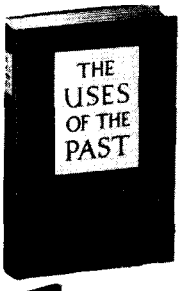

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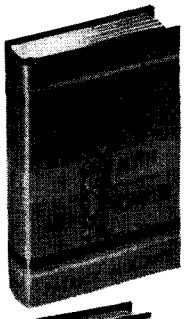

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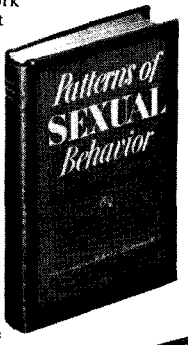

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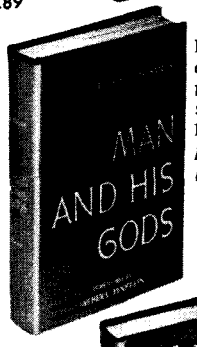

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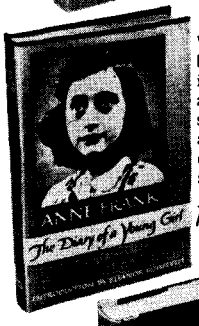

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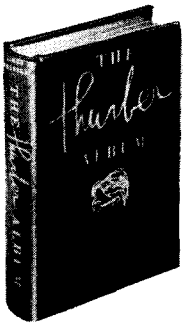

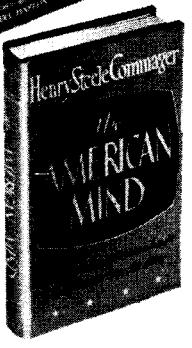

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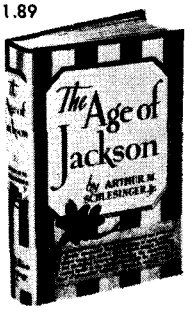

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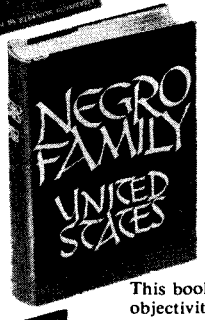

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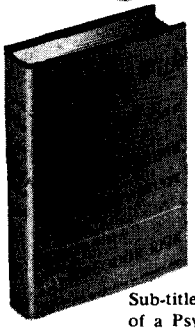

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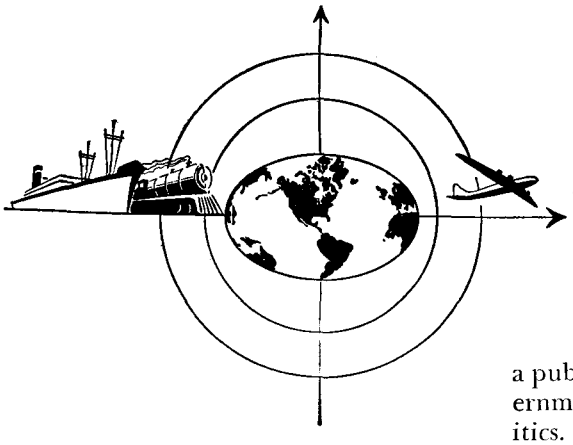

The Reporter's Notes

Science and Politics

Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks's serious blunder in firing Dr. Allen V. Astin has been half or perhaps one-quarter repaired, mostly because of the vigorous and outspoken reaction on the part of scientists inside and outside the Bureau of Standards. The four hundred employees of the Bureau who were determined to leave their jobs along with Dr. Astin are citizens of whom the nation can be proud. But are we sure that what Secretary Weeks did and then tried to undo can be written off as a lamentable aberration?

Indeed we are not. Secretary of the Interior Douglas McKay recently followed Weeks's precedent by firing the director of the Fish and Wildlife Service, Albert M. Day. Again, people who knew about the outstanding work Day had done for the country protested bitterly, and it turned out that Day had offended some California duck hunters and salmon packers.

The men who run the government are supposed to be the caretakers of national interests and the representatives of the people as a whole. It is on this assumption that scientists like Dr. Astin and conservationists like Day work for the government. When this assumption is challenged, when utterly devoted, competent public servants are told that if they want to keep their jobs they should not be such sticklers for the truth or for the public good, then there is something rotten in our kingdom. Protests and appeals to the press are not enough. There should be some institution, directed by utterly independent men, to take upon itself the defense of the Astins and of the Days. It should be not a private but a public institution—a branch of government entirely independent of politics.

In fact, we vaguely remember that something called the National Science Foundation, after long debates, finally limped into existence by an Act of Congress on May 10, 1950. What the Foundation should have been has been said better than anyone else by Vannevar Bush in his book *Modern Arms and Free Men:* "It [the Foundation] can formulate and support a sound governmental attitude toward science, and scientific education, in these days in which the burden of both has increased to the point where it can be carried only at Federal expense. It can guard against the heavy hand of bureaucracy and furnish a bulwark against political pressure on this vital aspect of our interests."

Perhaps we don't read the newspapers carefully enough—but what has the National Science Foundation done in the cases of Dr. Astin and Mr. Day?

North Atlantic Huddle

The North Atlantic Treaty Organization is trying to decide in Paris how much money to spend for defense and how to get the best defense for the money that can be spent. If it succeeds in doing this, it will be the first time.

At NATO meetings in earlier times, Defense Ministers would get off into one room with their chiefs of staff and decide that from a military point of view they really should have a hundred divisions to defend western Europe. The Finance Ministers would forgather in another room and decide that they could hardly afford to buy more than the first installment on a force about half that large. Since the military side could never agree to change its ideal plans and the economic people couldn't imagine how to dig up more tax money to cover them, a kind of constitutional impasse would develop at each NATO Council session.

But at Ottawa in 1951, a simple but revolutionary idea was born: that the military and economic sides of NATO be brought into the same room. So the NATO Annual Review was started.

During the fall and winter of 1951, a group of "Three Wise Men" appointed by the NATO Council (Averell Harriman, Sir Edwin Plowden, and Jean Monnet) sat in judgment over the military claims and the civilian reluctance to meet them. The result, adopted at the Lisbon Conference in February, 1952, was a plan calling for some fifty divisions and 4,000 operational aircraft by the end of 1952, with marginal increases beyond these figures for the following two years. The "Lisbon Plan" was sold to the U.S. Congress as the primary basis for last year's Mutual Security Program.

Right after the Lisbon Conference, NATO acquired a full-time Secretary General, in the person of Lord "Pug" Ismay, and an International Secretariat. The staff would do the job of the Wise Men. An attempt to draw up a new Lisbon Plan has been going on ever since.

The major underlying issue has been the unsettled relationship between the United States and its Allies on the question of military aid. The Washington attitude has been "You do what you can to meet an agreed plan, and we will help you if what you can do turns out not to be enough." The United States would make up as much of the difference as Congress would permit.

This system could work, after a fashion, as long as the United States

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was putting into the total defense effort sixteen to eighteen per cent of its total production, while the British and French were putting in around nine or ten per cent and the other NATO partners a good deal less than that. But the European governments have heard about our plans for tapering off our military spending, and will never admit that they must increase their military spending while we reduce ours.

WITH NATO's administrative machinery creaking, and with everybody's minds on the possibility of truce in Korea and some form of "peace in our time," nobody expects to see anything very concrete emerging from Paris. What this meeting provides is the indispensable opportunity for a collective consultation, among all of the military powers of the Atlantic community, as to a common strategy and tactics that will be pursued in the uncertain months ahead. Our election campaign and the statements of some Republican extremists have created the fear abroad that any eventual discussions with the Communists would be strictly a Russian-American affair with the Allies left out. This fear can be allayed by frank negotiation about how to negotiate with the Kremlin. If it serves this purpose, the NATO meeting will have been well worth while, even if no decision is reached on what is to be paid by whom for what.

If Their Advice Were Only Taken

Another major business group has now come out for free trade, making it practically unanimous. The U.S. Council of the International Chamber of Commerce proposes that Congress pass a Trade Expansion Act that would reduce all tariffs by twenty per cent across the board next January 1. Ten per cent more would be taken off each year thereafter.

The U.S. Council thus formally joins the growing number of business organizations that call for steps toward eliminating the tariff as a part of the American way of life—notably the Committee for Economic Development ("Congress should grant to the President authority to reduce tariff duties unilaterally . . .") and the Detroit Board of Commerce ("the complete elimination of all [trade] barriers to be gradually achieved over a possible period of 10 years. . . ."). The National Association of Manufacturers, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, and the National Foreign Trade Council also like free trade, but have been less specific about how to get there.

It is a fact of business politics that the most active members of these organizations are the executives of relatively large businesses. The businessmen who really kick and scream about more imports are mostly the owners of smaller businesses, which depend for their survival on their influence with legislatures, not on low-cost high-quality products.

That these smaller businessmen have great influence in Congress is not strange; Congress was created to reflect local pressures as well as the national interest. Freer trade is a nice phrase, but seasoned observers on the Hill are now saying flatly that the nation will be lucky if this session of Congress ends without actually increasing the degree of trade restriction and tariff protection.

But curiously the business groups that advocate freer trade seem to have almost no influence on the policies of the Executive branch, which is so heavily staffed with their own men. Heavily discounting Congressional opposition in advance, the Administration has shied away from every issue of foreign economic policy that has come up so far.

Reading in the policy statement of the U.S. Council about the "tragically absurd situation into which the international trade of this country has been allowed to drift," we found ourselves wishing that those bureaucrats in Washington had some feel for the desires of big business, realized it was competition that made our country great, and were not so swayed by the manufacturers of hats, glassware, and briar pipes.

THE CAREER SANS MERCI
or
Keats on the Civil Service

Oh what can ail thee, knight-at-desk,
Alone and palely loitering?
"The joy has withered from the job
And no bells ring—"

Oh what can ail thee, knight-at-desk,
So haggard and so woebegone?
"They're after me, the hounds of hell,
And I am done.

"I met a demon on the Hill,
Full terrible—a dragon's child—
His cheeks were dark, and forked his tongue,
And his works were wild.

"I saw pale civil servants there,
Pale witnesses, pale were they all,
Who cried, 'Committees sans merci
Have thee in thrall!'

"I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gapèd wide:
'The government's no place for thee!'
The fallen cried."

Oh what can ail thee, knight-at-desk,
Alone and palely loitering?
"The joy has withered from the job
And fear is king."

—SEC

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CORRESPONDENCE

'WITH FIRM LOYALTY'

To the Editor: *The Reporter* has performed a real service to the country by putting out the issue of March 31 in which major attention is given to the psychological operations of the government.

I was particularly pleased to see the article "Red Propaganda Can Be Beaten," by Thomas W. Wilson, Jr. We are, of course, convinced the Red propaganda can be beaten, and I am glad to have the suggestions advanced in these articles.

It is unfortunately true that all the psychological operations this government has ever undertaken have been subjects of great argument, and a great many people have felt that the job could be done better. The atmosphere of disagreement has been so great that each change of leadership over our psychological programs has brought considerable changes of method. Until the day comes when the United States has built itself a corps of really experienced propagandists, there will continue to be considerable disagreements about the way the job should be done.

It is most unfortunate that for political reasons improper motives are sometimes ascribed to one set or other of leaders of these psychological operations. From examining the records and knowing a number of these leaders, I am convinced that they have all been men of great capacity who with firm loyalty to the best principles of Americanism have attempted to carry on the most effective psychological operations possible. The effectiveness of some of these operations can be questioned, but the motivation has always been of the best.

REED HARRIS
Deputy Administrator
United States International Information Administration
Department of State
Washington

(This letter was received before Mr. Harris's resignation.)

'THE WORD WAS NEVER USED'

To the Editor: On page 2 of the April 14 issue of *The Reporter*, I noted the following sentence: "It was the afternoon that Congressman Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., introduced a resolution calling for Velde's removal because of his attacks on Agnes Meyer and his threatened investigation of religion." The next paragraph starts out, "Our reporter wanted to know whether he had changed his mind about the need for investigating religion."

This is a dishonest distortion, because at no time did Congressman Velde "threaten" to investigate "religion." The word "religion" was never used in connection with the work of his committee.

The facts are now so well known as to what Congressman Velde actually said that there is no longer any excuse for an editor like yourself to distort the facts dishonestly.

Furthermore, it is obvious that your reporter did not ask Congressman Velde whether or not he has changed his mind about the need for "investigating religion" because had such a question been asked, Congressman Velde would have immediately corrected the reporter by pointing out that there has not been at any time any intention to investigate "religion." In fact, there has been no threatened investigation of the church, only a statement that an investigation of infiltration of Communism and Communists into the churches might be possible at some future date. That's all that Congressman Velde said about the possibility of any investigation of the church. I happen to know enough about Congressman Velde and the way he operates to know that he would never make such an answer as stated by your alleged reporters.

Your malicious attacks upon Senator McCarthy have also been guilty of downright dishonesty and deliberate distortion of the alleged facts.

ARTHUR I. BOREMAN
Des Moines, Iowa

(A United Press dispatch of March 10 stated, "Velde said it was his feeling that there was 'a field' for investigation in religion . . ." A special dispatch to the New York Times *referred to the Congressman's "feeling that there was 'a field' for investigation in religion.")*

NO SPACE IN *TIME*

To the Editor: If you ever want to start a "Letters *Time* Didn't Publish" column, I offer you the attached:

To the Editor of *Time*: *Time's* suggestion (in the March 23 issue) that Charles E. Bohlen's Moscow reports "could have an effect as misleading as those of Ambassador Joseph E. *(Mission to Moscow)* Davies" must represent a new low in innuendo, even for *Time*. In the period when pro-Soviet attitudes of the Davies type were in the ascendancy, *Time* said quite different things about Bohlen. It disapproved of him then, as now, but for the opposite reason. Ten years ago *Time* criticized Bohlen on the ground that he was too *anti*-Soviet.

I refer you to the issue of October 18, 1943, when *Time* attacked the State Department for its policies toward occupied Europe. "Washington and London," *Time* said, "have been—to say the least—out of touch with the tremendous democratic resurgence which sprang from the pressures of war and oppression in German Europe." *Time* had explained that the people in occupied Europe "most anxious for what ordinary Americans and Britons would call 'democracy' are also Russia's friends in those countries"; while the "people and politicians who do not represent what ordinary Americans and Britons would call 'democracy' at home are precisely those toward whom the U.S. State Department and the British Foreign Office have shown the most warmth."

Who was the villain in all this? "The Department's expert on Russia is bright and young *Charles L.* ('Chick') *Bohlen.* Tall, fair, long-faced, Bohlen descends from Prussia's aristocratic Bohlens, is related to the heads of Germany's vast Krupp arms works. Bohlen speaks fluent Russian, is for Russians as Russians, on his record is against the Soviet Government, as such."

Can *Time's* true complaint about Charles E. "Chip" Bohlen be that he has maintained the steady, cool, dispassionate attitude of a diplomat while *Time* has exchanged one hysteria for another? But how can even this justify a comparison with Joe Davies? Or is this "Chick" Bohlen some other fellow?

As for George Kennan's being a "far weightier man" than Bohlen, this must refer to avoirdupois. Both Kennan and Bohlen are brilliant, thoughtful, and devoted public servants. There is no point in denigrating one at the expense of the other. The United States is fortunate—and should be proud—to have had the services of both.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.
Cambridge, Massachusetts

(We are glad to establish the precedent Dr. Schlesinger suggests. Much as we care for Time, *however, we see no reason why we should not print letters that other nation-wide publications failed to print—provided, of course, that they are up to the standards of this one.)*

MOUNTAINS AND MOLEHILLS

To the Editor: In "A Town by Any Other Name" (*The Reporter*, April 14), William S. Fairfield writes, "In 1949, the producers of a radio stunt program had persuaded a small Southern town to change its name from Mountain to Molehill." The people of Mole Hill, in Ritchie County, West Virginia, after a hundred years or so simply got tired of Mole Hill and had the name changed to Mountain. The name Mountain was not changed to Mole Hill, but it was the other way about, and the radio fellers had nothing to do with it.

The people of the community, however, will feel flattered at being referred to as a town.

CHARLETON C. PIERCE
Charleston, West Virginia

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S First Hundred Days have lacked that quality of masterful suspense and dramatic action we remember from the spring of 1933. Some of the antics in Washington haven't looked like drama at all—more like the shuffling about of stagehands who don't realize the curtain has risen. But what has been happening is just as important to us as F.D.R.'s curtain-raising actions were.

Because many of the important events have taken place below the surface of the daily news, we asked two of Washington's most experienced newspapermen to stand back from the confusion of these opening days and give us their estimate of where the new Administration is going and how. For all the impersonality of government bureaus, policy is made by people; the brains and personalities of our leaders will shape the good and the bad in the future actions of our country. So **Joseph C. Harsch's** analysis of the President's public performance and **Frederic W. Collins's** story about the in-service training of the President's new team revolve around the people whose moods and capacities now matter so much. To complete the outline, **Douglass Cater,** our Washington Editor, has written of the developing relationship between the Executive and Congress, drawing on his personal day-to-day observation of the doings on the Hill. Mr. Harsch, a special correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*, is also well known for his radio commentaries. Mr. Collins represents the Providence *Journal* in Washington.

THE LONG-CONTINUED presence of Chinese Nationalist General Li Mi's troops in Burma, the Burmese government's bitter reaction thereto, and reports that the General had American backing so aroused our interest that we asked **Tibor Mende,** Parisian journalist and author, to make a special trip into the Burmese hinterland and send us an eyewitness account of what was really going on. When we learn how deeply we have managed to become involved in that remote area, we realize that our strength involves us everywhere—but in some places more than it should.

Another kind of frontier is explored by **Lesley Blanch**, whose account of a visit to an honest-to-goodness real-life harem removes some of the glamour that has come to surround that word of mystery. Miss Blanch, wife of the French novelist Romain Gary, writes regularly for the British *Cornhill Magazine*. She is now preparing a book of biographical studies for publication in this country early next year.

ONE OF THE little-known statistics about our United States is that one-fourth of it is still owned by the government. There are a good many interested groups that would like to reduce this fraction, and **Wallace Stegner** is in a good position to tell us how the constant battle over our publicly owned resources (a battle as old as our history but always as fresh as our politics) is going. Mr. Stegner is West Coast representative for the publishing firm of Houghton Mifflin and has written many books, including *Mormon Country*, *The Big Rock Candy Mountain*, *One Nation*, and *Second Growth*.

Robert Bendiner has an unusual flair for political satire, and a sharp eye for the contradictions and incongruities in the actions of politicians. His story about Senator Capehart's efforts to reconcile his constituents to his conscience throws a further sidelight on the Republican transition from complaining to explaining.

Marya Mannes, resting her eyes from their usual concentration on the TV screen, substitutes for her page on "Channels" a second imaginary portrait in her new series "Any Resemblance . . ."

Patricia Blake, who reports on the Russian film "Concert of Stars," recently returned to this country after three years in France. A free-lance writer since 1947, she takes a special interest in Russian affairs and speaks Russian.

OUR BOOK SECTION reviews two highly dissimilar African works of fiction—one cheerful, the other dramatic; one written entirely by an African, the other signed by an African and an Englishman. **Eric Larrabee,** who reviews *The Palm-Wine Drinkard*, interviewed its author while making a three-month trip through Africa under the auspices of the Carnegie Corporation. Mr. Larrabee is an associate editor of *Harper's Magazine*.

The Washington scene on this issue's cover was painted for us by the well-known water-colorist **Dong Kingman.** Our veteran readers will remember the two fine covers he did last year for *The Reporter's* China Lobby series. Mr. Kingman, who has exhibited all over the United States this year, won a first prize at the Metropolitan Museum's show of contemporary American artists. He teaches at Hunter College in New York.

On the subject of covers, the Philippine scene reproduced on our issue of April 28 was so admired in our office that eight members of the staff purchased—and at no discount—original works by **Romeo V. Tabuena,** the young Philippine artist who painted it.

In its next issue, *The Reporter* will discuss how we can meet the challenge inherent in Russia's remarkable economic growth.

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MAX ASCOLI

After a Dreary Season

THERE HAS BEEN a peculiar, dreary quality in these first few months of the Eisenhower Administration. It has been like the weather of the past months—a rainy autumn that stretched out into the winter and well into the beginning of the spring, the kind of weather that dampens men's souls.

A nation eager to close its ranks and to move beyond partisanship in a new spirit of purposefulness has been distracted by nasty squabbles within the party in power. The President, in whom the majority of the people put a far larger trust than in his Republican associates, acted on many an occasion as if his election had given him no other mandate than to preside over the unruly caucus of Republican potentates.

Perhaps now this long, cheerless season is over; perhaps spring, at long last, has come. At least for one day, April 16, the skies were clear, the air bracing, when the President made his memorable speech to the American Society of Newspaper Editors and to the world.

The Business of America

Many things have contributed to making the progress of the Eisenhower Administration slow and, at least on its surface, indecisive. A whole new category of people, the most representative business leaders of the nation, has been entrusted with the responsibility of running the Executive branch of the government. Throughout the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations, many businessmen had been called to Washington, and some of them established admirable records as government executives. Yet while these men underwent their private experiences as refugees from business into statesmanship, the community of their brethren, the business leaders, by and large remained unaffected.

The Eisenhower Presidency has brought businessmen into the Administration on a collegiate basis. They represent not just themselves but the system that has made them powerful. The future of the business community hinges on their success or failure in tackling national and world problems of an entirely different dimension from those they have been accustomed to deal with. It has been a momentous step that had to be taken some day, since business, the vocation of a very large number of Americans, could not be left to sulk in a gilded doghouse, nagged at by social reformers or envious accountants of other people's money.

In their new position of power, some of the country's leading businessmen are now engaged in collective bargaining with the old hands who know what makes the institutions of government tick. These old hands are to be found in the Congress of the United States, in the Civil Service, and in international institutions. The new American executives cannot afford to waste much time in learning their new trade.

How irksome this new trade is, how radically things have changed in America in a few decades, all this could be seen when Charles E. Wilson made his famous remark about the interests of General Motors being identical with those of the nation. Yet Mr. Wilson was only echoing the Calvin Coolidge saying: "The business of America is business." But since Mr. Coolidge's time the business of America has become that of leading the free world. To exert this leadership, something more is required than the skills of efficiency experts or supersalesmen.

Overhauling Liberalism

While being taught the first rudiments of statesmanship, the top men of this Administration have also something to teach. They bring into government service something positive—far more positive even than the knack for saving money. They bring that creative inventiveness, that endless ingenuity in facing unforeseen contingencies, which has made the American economy what it is. They have a chance to test against an entirely new set of problems their genuine passion for individual or corporate initiative—what they call economic freedom. The only trouble is that this merging of business and administrative experience demands time and is definitely unglamorous.

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The businessmen called to the responsibility of government have not been the only people in our country engaged in stocktaking and in getting accustomed to new perspectives. Those self-appointed mentors of business usually called liberals have found themselves exposed to new realities against which their old patterns of thinking have to be squared. It has now become rather doubtful that the interest of our country abroad can unfailingly be fostered by giving our support to the progressive or democratic forces in the nations on our side, for, among other reasons, in many of those nations these forces are either exceedingly weak or leaderless. There are not many idealists left who think that the economic and political well-being of foreign peoples can best be brought about by setting up a TVA wherever there is a big uncontrolled river.

Even the axiom that the best cure for Communism lies in removing the human miseries that make for Communism is beginning to sound scratchy, like a record too often played. For we are learning that economic well-being alone does not provide adequate barriers against the seditious raids of nationalist or Communist demagogues. Even in a country like ours, with the highest standard of living, we have come to realize that our freedom is not secure from the attack of seditious rabble rousers unless those who care for it fight back hard and fearlessly. We are also learning that free and secret—President Roosevelt used to say "unfettered"—elections are not necessarily a magic cure-all for a people ravaged by class or racial hatreds. White South Africans have just had their free and secret, or unfettered, elections. Yet President Eisenhower seems still to share with his wartime Commander-in-Chief the belief that popular elections can bring about even such miracles as the restoration of unity to the German and Korean peoples.

All these doubts and qualms do not mean that the basic principles of freedom so dear to the liberals are wrong or obsolete, any more than the freedom of private initiative so dear to businessmen has been made laughable by private monopolies at home or by government restrictions abroad. What it all leads to is that the old formulas on which we used to rely as sure guides to democracy do not work automatically and have to be thought out anew if they are going to be made workable again. The old equations between individual enterprise and collective well-being, secret elections and national unity, are as good as ever, provided we acquire a far greater skill in recognizing the variables which affect their workability.

Once again, this requires stocktaking and quick, decisive thinking. These are far from being theoretical problems, for on the way they are tackled here and now depends the future of our nation. One of the reasons why the last few months have been seemingly uneventful is that there has been so much stocktaking going on, on so many fronts. The principles our nation lives by must thrust deeper and stronger roots.

Certainly, seldom if ever has there been so much substantial agreement among sane, responsible people in our nation—conservatives and liberals, Republicans and Democrats. We can find evidence of this, now that the sound and fury of the campaign is over, merely by considering the personalities and programs of the two candidates in the last election. Since Mr. Eisenhower's inauguration the few positive acts of leadership on his part have aroused equal enthusiasm among the majority of the Republicans and the near-totality of the Democrats, who have been acting in Congress as the alternates of the President's majority.

The President's Dilemma

It is because all responsible men in the country are so quietly and tirelessly at work, so disinclined to engage in partisan or ideological strife, that the demagogues in the Republican Party have gone on the rampage. While the government proceeds still haltingly, they have set up their own private government, and miss no opportunity to stir up mobs. Things have gone so far that only through a coalition of responsible Republicans and Democrats has the President any chance of leading the country.

On April 16, the former Allied Commander in Europe, the man who one year ago was still the NATO chief, proved that his capacity to rally the nation and the world is still utterly unimpaired. Will he have freedom to negotiate with the Communists on the firm terms he has laid down, or will his initiative for peace, because of his determination to keep his party united, prove to be of the verbal or, as the saying goes, of the psychological variety? Can he even consider negotiating with Red China without being lambasted as an appeaser by the Formosa Firsters?

One thing is certain. Whenever he shows his mettle as the leader of the free world, he is bound to strike at the unity of his party. The President must choose: He cannot live up to the task he has assigned himself and at the same time keep the Republican Party united. Between the interests of the free world and those of the Republican political underworld there can be no possible compromise.

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Eisenhower's First Hundred Days

JOSEPH C. HARSCH

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER'S public performance during the First Hundred Days of his Presidency has been so at variance with his adherents' more extravagant campaign forecasts of a "new broom" sweeping out "the rascals" in a vast purge of the personalities and policies of the past that the net result almost seems to be a man whanging golf balls at the White House back fence while history flows around him.

The memory of Franklin Roosevelt's voracious seizure and joyous exercise of Presidential power twenty years earlier contributes to a companion illusion of a man who slipped into the White House by the back door on January 20, 1953, and hasn't yet found his way to the President's desk. So, too, does the contrast provided by Georgi Malenkov's extraordinary break with the past in Moscow, where it would be easier to document an Opposition counter-revolution from surface appearances than in Washington.

BUT SURFACE evidence that Mr. Eisenhower has wasted the opportunity of his First Hundred Days, has neglected his legitimate powers, has failed to utilize his resources of leadership, has laid no imprint of his own on the course of American history and will never get as good a chance again, is not accepted by his high collaborators. Men like Herbert Brownell engaged in rescuing the once great Department of Justice from obloquy and neglect, like George M. Humphrey giving the Treasury new directions and usefulness, like Robert Cutler reshaping the National Security Council into a focal point of policymaking, or Senator Robert A. Taft preserving the identity of Congress while making it the ally of the Executive in worthy enterprises—these men find a different conclusion from different evidence.

To such men, Mr. Eisenhower has become not only President-in-fact of the United States, but also the sage and purposeful standard to which the wise and honest men of one of history's quiet but important evolutions are repairing, confident that they are shaping a good and new synthesis out of the ideological conflict of the last two American decades. To them, the process is intended to be not a counter-revolution but a counter-evolution, and thus the

lack of spectacular change becomes a mark of soundly managed progress and consolidation, not of inertia or abdication.

The Eisenhower men left their campaign circus of publicity men, barkers, and hucksters behind them in New York when they moved to Washington. They have gone about their business as though the public were interested only in future results, not in the present process. They seem genuinely surprised when reporters penetrate their offices and inquire into their operations. They are not secretive. They talk freely enough when found, but they seem genuinely uninterested in the daily taste of headlines.

Since fumbles publicize themselves, there is far more public awareness of Charles Wilson's arsenic-and-old-lace illusion that General Motors's welfare and the public welfare are identical than there is of the extraordinary Eisenhower experiment in trying to produce by reconciliation in the National Security Council a single integrated national program to replace the old system of a national program produced by public conflict among departmental programs.

Charting a New Course

Optical distortions left over from the campaign, the substantial difference in circumstances surrounding Mr. Eisenhower's First Hundred Days from those which surrounded Mr. Roosevelt's, lack of publicity, and the congenital incapability of reporters to believe that any President can be serious about copybook maxims have all combined to obscure from public gaze the substantial fact that Mr. Eisenhower is consciously and actually going in an Eisenhower direction and that all of us, whether we know it or not, are following him.

This Eisenhower direction—and there is as yet no other label for it—has three principal identifying features. In domestic policy it is decontrolling the economy while retaining the concept of conscious long-term

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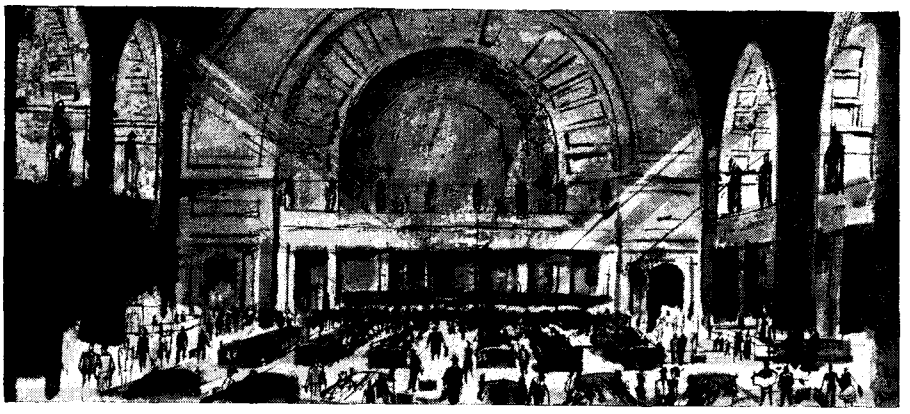

planning. In foreign policy it is sustaining the alliance inherited from Mr. Truman and Secretary Acheson and getting it in motion off the dead center imposed by McCarthy's persecution of Acheson. In government policy it is abatement of Congress-White House conflict by the consistent practice of treating Congressmen like rational human beings.

THE PERSONAL Eisenhower imprint on domestic policy was plain the day Senator Homer Capehart argued for stand-by economic controls. When the test on campaign postures came it was Mr. Eisenhower who was ready to let the controls go. The Eisenhower imprint on foreign policy showed up when the sequel to removal of the Seventh Fleet from the Formosa Strait turned out to be a policy of "disengagement" from Korea, not a policy of American bombs on Peking or a bloody line plunge in Korea, and when the answer to Moscow's dangerous but challenging post-Stalin olive branches turned out to be not John Foster Dulles's campaign "dynamism" or C. D. Jackson's psychological "strategy" but the highly professional diplomat's answer of the April 16 speech which launched a cautious but sincere exploration of peace possibilities. This lifted the operation to the very highest levels of statesmanship. Mr. Eisenhower's imprint on intragovernmental relations showed up when the President defended Charles Bohlen against McCarthy while assiduously refusing a head-on clash with McCarthy. In that same period Mr. Eisenhower stiffened Dulles's less than total enthusiasm for the defense of Bohlen and then disciplined Harold Stassen for what will some day probably be labeled "premature anti-McCarthyism" in the argument over McCarthy's first direct venture into foreign policy via Greek shipping.

Obviously, Mr. Eisenhower may end up with crashing failure in all three areas. It remains to be seen how Republican politicians and the Eisenhower idea of planning without direct controls would stand up to a persistent decline in prices, if that should happen. The test of Mr. Eisenhower's foreign policy will be whether he can manage the great exploration into the possibilities of a peace settlement with the Chinese and Russians without damaging in the process America's own military strength and its essential adjunct, the Grand Alliance. The test of Mr. Eisenhower's Congressional policy will be whether he can prevent a literal realization of the situation expressed by the cartoonist Herblock's query to Dulles, "Does the treaty with McCarthy allow you to keep your desk?" If Mr. Eisenhower fails to pass these tests, we may hope charitably that he may still be able to enjoy whanging golf balls somewhere.

The Campaign in Retrospect

Mr. Eisenhower's course and his strategy are more easily understood if one takes the trouble to go back and read the speeches of the campaign stripped of the extravagances wrapped around him by the political department-store window dressers of that operation.

The policy of disengagement from, not more war with, Communist China was prestated during the campaign. American forces, he said, must become "the great mobile reserve of the free world" (October 29), while we "train up" the South Koreans (June 13) and in the meantime avoid "starting another war more difficult to stop" (August 21) than the one in Korea.

The McCarthy Issue

The campaign record provides almost as clear a preview of the Eisenhower strategy toward McCarthy. Mr. Eisenhower postulated a Republican Party unity constituted from "diverse elements" (September 24), asserted the doctrine of the co-equality of Congress and the Presidency (September 20), and proposed to deal with corruption by "an Administration which does not wait around until Congressional committees are obliged to dig it out" (September 19).

Mr. Eisenhower has attempted to bring these three separate precepts to bear on his McCarthy problem. He does not intend, if he can avoid it, to splinter his party by purges of the kind Mr. Roosevelt once tried. He is determined to "get along" with the Congress on the "co-equal" principle. His Department of Justice, under Herbert Brownell, maintains an active file on Senator McCarthy. Mr. Eisenhower has a conscious, deliberate strategy toward the McCarthy problem. He has imposed this strategy upon his administrative team, stiffening Dulles and curbing Stassen. It should be added that he recognizes McCarthy as a serious problem which, if mishandled, could wreck his Administration. It could also be noted that his strategy vis-à-vis McCarthy, first to isolate, then blockade, and finally, if necessary and if given the legal capability, to crush him, is remarkably similar to the strategy F.D.R. employed toward Huey Long just twenty years ago.

In the area of domestic policy the Eisenhower course of action more nearly approximates the campaign assumptions of both his supporters and of his critics than in other areas. He made it clear during the campaign that he did not believe in any more controls over the economy or any greater centralization of government than is absolutely necessary. He has proceeded with his customary persistence and consistency in this area to abolish price and wage controls. He has refrained from asking Congress for a substantial body of new legislation.

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This last fact—that he has not proposed much new legislation—contributes heavily to the illusion of a President who hasn't found the way to his desk yet. America has been conditioned to think of leadership in terms of massive legislative programs trucked to Capitol Hill from the White House. It has yet to appreciate the extent to which leadership in public life might take the form of merely operating with existing laws.

THE AMERICAN conditioned by the old battle between the rival dogmatisms of Old Guard and Fair Deal days finds it understandably difficult to reconcile the decontrol trend in the markets with the elevation of Oveta Culp Hobby to Cabinet status. The only explanation is Mr. Eisenhower. He believes in decontrol. Also, at some point between Columbia University and the campaign, he reached a belief in at least the necessity for, if not the desirability of, social security. In familiar doctrinal terms the two actions do not add up. In the old school we learned that a decontroller was against social security. But there is a new schoolmaster in Washington who never sat in either the Roosevelt-Truman or the Bricker-Brewster classes.

In the precampaign days, the General called himself a "middle roader" in the manner of his mother's treatment of her kitchen garden. This manner, he said, was to conserve the fruits and vegetables and discard the weeds. In retrospect, such simple statements of point of view take on new weight. Mr. Eisenhower plainly views the whole pre-Eisenhower Washington as a single kitchen garden. He doesn't distinguish between the rows planted by Mr. Truman and those planted by Senator Taft. He sees no special blights in one row or special virtues in the other. Having spent much of his First Hundred Days putting new men into jobs, he hasn't yet applied to his choices the weeding-out process which he so admired in his mother's gardening. If his use of that method during his military career is a criterion (the troublemakers and incompetents were soon given a ticket home), the time will come when it will be applied. At such time, the identity of the discards will make it possible to define more precisely the outlines of new Eisenhower policies.

At present many specific policies still have blurred edges. He favors "trade, not aid," and has asked for a year's renewal of the Trade Agreements Acts, and has referred back to the Tariff Commission its recommendations for a higher tariff on briar pipes. Yet he has put in that Commission a former Congressman who is supposedly a high protectionist, and has concurred in a Cabinet decision, prompted by Secretary Wilson, adverse to a British firm whose low bid seemed about to translate "trade, not aid" into a multi-million-dollar contract on electrical equipment for a big Western dam. Also, Wilson's proposed narrowing of the mobilization base might well mean in practice a severe contraction of offshore procurement, which would be a body blow at the dollar purchasing power of America's allies. The grinding of political interests on Mr. Eisenhower's inclinations may produce many a modification before the new forms are completed.

Domesticating the Wolf

A type of remark persistently ignored or undervalued in Mr. Eisenhower's precampaign period was his insistence that he could get along with Congress by having its members in to the White House and talking to them as though they were reasonable. To ears accustomed to the Roosevelt-Truman technique of government by conflict with Congress, this sounded like the naïveté of Little Red Riding Hood. What they

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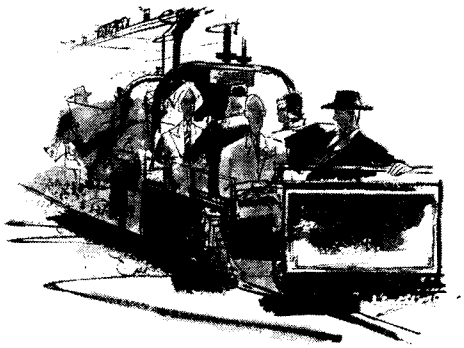
overlooked was that Little Red Riding Hood survived, and the wolf did not. Mr. Eisenhower seeks, however, not the liquidation but the domestication of the wolf. Taft may or may not be happy about his role as Administration leader in the Senate, but he has accepted that role with remarkable grace, even when it involved his own isolation from the Midwest bloc. Taft must have cast a longing backward glance toward the thirteen who voted with McCarthy against Bohlen, but he must have noted that Ferguson of Michigan and Capehart of Indiana made the same hard choice he did, and that Jenner, Capehart's colleague, ducked the issue by being "absent."



THE WHOLE STORY of the first Hundred Days of Eisenhower makes coherent sense only if one can first appreciate the unusual fact that Mr. Eisenhower's own personal emotions were never engaged in the great controversies of the New Deal-Fair Deal period. He had no part in that collective experience of the rest of the American people. It is as though he walked out of the United States when he entered the Army forty years ago, and back into it in June of 1952. He has been as remote from, and as emotionally untouched by, the great American civil conflicts of the past twenty years as William of Orange was remote from the wars between Cavaliers and Roundheads which slid into history when William set sail for England in 1688.

In Washington today there are many men who still feel that the great issue is between New Deal and Old Guard. But neither group can recognize either friend or foe in Mr. Eisenhower or in the slowly emerging pattern of his policies. And while there are more Taftians than New Dealers in the group of men the President is gathering around him, the dominant strain is marked by Mr. Eisenhower's own profound lack of interest in the issues and alignments of the past.

The Education Of a Cabinet

FREDERIC W. COLLINS

THE EARLY STAGES of the Eisenhower Administration have been termed the greatest adult-education course in history. A great many men of experience and stature in other fields have become freshmen in the University of Hard Knocks. Most of the students are taking the surprises of the curriculum in a good enough spirit, and the brightest ones are consciously enjoying the challenge and are aiming with diligence toward Phi Beta Kappa keys.

Aptitude tests are about over and some grading is possible. Already, Secretary of the Treasury George M. Humphrey is assuming a position as nominee for Most Likely to Succeed. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, who came up from a good prep school and offered excellent credits, seems surprisingly slow in getting started. Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson is quick at Math but backward in Public Utterance. Secretary of the Interior Douglas McKay has made lots of friends and is adept in campus politics, while Budget Director Joseph M. Dodge is lonely in a crowd.

The Infinite Cube

A crusade is linear. It goes from here to there. In government, the crusaders are discovering that their field of activity and responsibility is a cube whose dimensions are infinite. They are, further, learning the metaphysical fact that when several visions are trained on the same object from different viewpoints, the object can show many different images. Peace, for example, can be a diplomatic problem, a military posture, a budgetary deficit, or a threat of recession.

Most of the erstwhile crusaders are finding out, to put it bluntly, that they really didn't know what went on in Washington, or what government was like, or politics, or human nature, in the limitlessly varied forms in which it occurs in the whole electorate. They are finding that government is not like business; they are discovering wholly unexpected relationships between government and everyday life; they are being taught the hard way the difference between business enterprise, in which profit is the only criterion of success, and government, in which success is measured not in money but in the less precise currency of public interest and periodic elections.

They are also discovering that Congress is not just something mentioned in the Constitution but a ponderous, unconquerable, and for the most part uncontrollable factor in the problem of governing. They are discovering that not all persons who served under the Democrats are candidates for Alcatraz, that there

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is such a thing as a career service (as distinct from "feeding at the public trough"), that it takes hard work and long hours to make the government go, that government finance is not simply balancing outgo with income, that Congress not only makes laws but reflects upon Washington American opinion in all its bewildering diversity, and that policy is not made simply by asserting a purpose.

Lateral Consultation

The sum of the crusaders' new learning—the difference between business and government to which they must adjust themselves—is that they cannot "control" and they cannot "decide," at least not in the absolute terms to which they had been accustomed.

They are finding that nobody in government really decides anything by himself; indeed, the higher one's level in the bureaucracy, the less is his opportunity to decide on his own responsibility the matters under his charge without an amount of lateral consultation and clearance which defies the imagination of people who come from such smaller enterprises as General Motors or the European campaign.

And in the foreign field, even when a decision somehow does get made in the collective fashion that is the hallmark of government, they find that, powerful as the United States is, its decisions are only marginal in international affairs; the process of lateral consultation and clearance still goes on, and it is called diplomacy.

Yet our new administrators must operate; they must govern; they must guide; they must create, accept, adapt, discard, or reject policy and action on a scale of vaster magnitude than they ever dealt with—even the most powerful of them—in their business incarnations.

By all accounts, Secretary Humphrey is the aptest student because he has quickly realized he is being re-educated, and because he is just naturally smart.

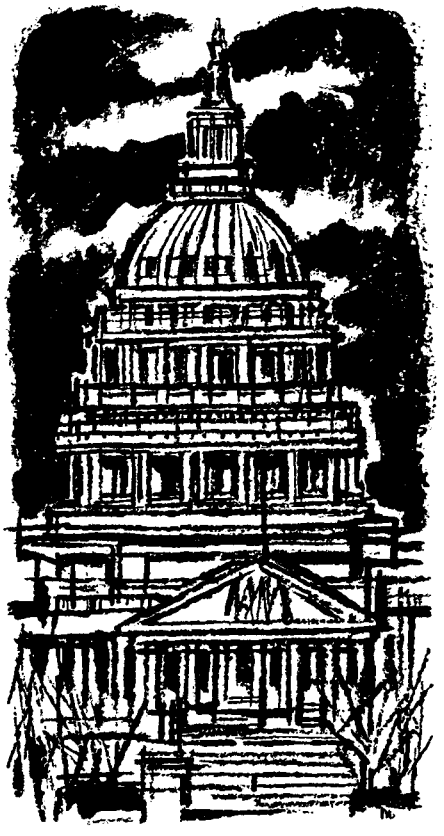
After he had attended some classes, Humphrey began to remark that he couldn't be sure that business methods would work in government.

He held what seemed to be the same managerial authority in his Department as he had had in the M. A. Hanna Company of Cleveland. But his Department was not an island unto itself. It interlocked with other Departments. Even the President himself could hardly approve a Treasury decision affecting another Department. And when the President himself could bring all Departments into balance—into a "government position"—there was usually Congress to worry about.

Facing the awesome complex of problems composed of the Soviet threat, the enigmatic Soviet tactical shift, the price of strength, the peril of weakness, the menace of inflation, and the doctrinal, moral, and political commitment to a balanced budget and lower taxes, Humphrey learned that the most decisive use of the total power of his Department would not even begin to manufacture a solution.

Secretary Humphrey sat in the Treasury Department and waited. Over at State, Secretary Dulles proposed a policy. Over at the Pentagon, Secretary Wilson calculated the military cost. Then it was Humphrey's turn—to find the money.

It was not quite that simple. Humphrey was given a role in policymaking commensurate with his capabilities and his portfolio. A greatly strengthened National Security Council helped the attack on the problem. But under the best circumstances, he and his Cabinet colleagues found themselves in a chicken-and-egg debate, trying to tailor irreducible necessities to resources that at some point simply became inexpansible, trying to determine whether necessity or financial reality had priority—and then trying to suit their executive policies to the political considerations which affect every Congressional action—a numberless array of imponderables that must be sensed, not tabulated.



Past Performance

It would be missing the point to let it go by saying that the new team lacked political or government experience, that it never had lived close to the seat of power, or that its horizons were narrow. Dulles and Sinclair Weeks of Commerce had been in the Senate. Dulles had long experience in diplomacy and some near the Secretary of State. Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr., and Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield had each been national chairman of his party. Brownell had sat in the New York State Legislature and enjoyed a voice in the governing of New York under Thomas E. Dewey. But—and this is the important but—with only one exception to prove the rule, not one had occupied a top seat of governmental power. The exception was a rather short and seemingly pliant little man from Oregon, Secretary of the Interior Douglas McKay.

The difference between that kind of training and business training was sharply drawn when McKay came to talk Interior money matters with Budget Director Dodge. Mr. Truman had wanted $607 million for Interior; McKay thought $54 million could be cut from that; and Dodge wanted to cut another $130 million.

Having been a practicing governor, McKay did not make the mistake of colliding openly with Dodge. Instead, he sought an accommodation with the budget man. If that failed, he could yield to the final

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judgment, but he could also write a letter to Dodge recording his opposition. Then he could sit back and let Congressional nature take its course. McKay could scarcely prevent Congress from seeing his letter. He could expect that in the end the budget would be somewhere near what he wanted it to be, his relationships with both Dodge and Congress would be fairly smooth, and his reputation as a team player would be intact.

What Brownell Has Learned

Brownell is practiced in politics and a quick study in government, but there have been lessons for him too. Right away he was given leadership in attempting a program for dealing with subversives in government. The new idea was to make national security, not individual loyalty, the criterion in determining eligibility for Federal employment, and that was accepted. An executive order was promised in a short time. A long time later it was again promised in a short time, which again lengthened. Brownell had come up against the complexity of the government, the government-wide circulating of a draft, the comments, criticisms, objections, and counterproposals, the editing, the recirculating, the re-editing. The banners of efficient and speedy administration bowed.

Brownell also had what seemed to be the undeniably sound idea that Federal district attorneys should not have any outside practice, and it was so ordered. But he confessed to Congress later that the order had made it difficult for him to find suitable appointees. He suggested increased pay and had to fall back on the not unfamiliar Washington argument that this was one of those special cases in which a little more spending would prove true economy.

FISCAL education began on the cruiser *Helena*, before school really started, when Dodge made his doleful report after his first look at the books as fiscal liaison officer between the old and new Administrations. The new administrators found out for the first time then about the spending commitments hanging over the budget from past years.

"It was like a couple getting married," one of the group said. "The husband puts the facts of his income on the table. They round up a statement of everything they owe. They figure out how much they can afford to spend. Then, without warning, the husband finds that the little woman has done a lot of installment buying she never said anything about."

It had been easy, in the campaign, to talk about waste, extravagance, inefficiency, overlapping, and duplication—the hallowed language of G.O.P. accusation. In office, the Eisenhower group found out that what Mr. Truman had asserted was largely true. The most rigid economy in general operations wouldn't save much. Tremendous fixed charges—for veterans, for interest on the national debt, and for services the voters would insist on keeping—could not be dodged or materially lessened. Any cut of dramatic size had to be made in the national security items, and that was one place where economy for economy's sake was just too risky.

When these realities were fed into the Comptometer along with revenue estimates, something less than sharp tax reductions came out the other end. But J. V. Stalin, by the simple act of dying, may prove to have done more about this problem than the people who have been living with it in Washington.

As the First Hundred Days came to an end, one of the President's most capable assistants, seasoned in hard work for years, remarked plaintively: "You know—and I'm saying this seriously—there have been some days when I literally couldn't take time to go to the bathroom." Democrats used to have this trouble too.

Working side by side with the most valuable holdovers from the old régime, the newcomers developed a new appreciation of career service. The idea began to sink in that some people really work for the government to serve the country.

A Retarded Pupil

It is a curious circumstance that Dulles, who of all the Cabinet had had greatest experience in Washington government, seemed to be the slowest in getting his Department organized and functioning. He was away a lot, he was extraordinarily busy, and he has little spontaneous interest in administrative architecture. By the time he took off on his second tour abroad, only the pinnacle of his Department had been done over, and communications with the lower depths had not been established. At about the third or fourth echelon, a new word appeared on the organization chart: Limbo. At that stratum, daylight came through between the peak and the base.

If the newcomers to the Cabinet had lessons to learn about Congress, their Republican brethren there had something to learn about being a majority. When it came time to change the Federal Security Agency into a Cabinet Department, Mrs. Oveta Hobby had to talk to Congress. She happened to converse with two fellow Texans who happen to be powerful and happen to be Dem-

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ocrats, Senate Minority Leader Lyndon Johnson and House Minority Leader Sam Rayburn. Charles Halleck, House Majority Leader, heard about it. "What's she doing, talking to Democrats?" he asked angrily.

Johnson said, "Ask Charlie Halleck if he wants us to take our votes somewhere else!"

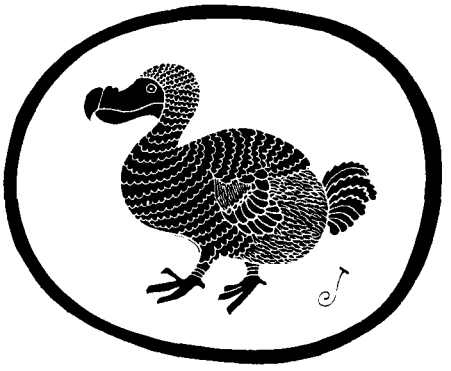
SENATOR TAFT summed up the problem for the Yale Club in Washington on April 7:

"Men who have been eminently successful in their own lives have been chosen, but as far as I know they don't have a single day's experience running a Federal government—the biggest institution the world has ever seen.

"We cannot possibly put into effect the program you would like by the beginning of the fiscal year on July 1."

By July 1, the first part of the learning process will hardly be completed. Important decisions—about defense and peace and the management of our economy to avoid a slump—cannot well be postponed without increasing domestic cost and foreign peril. Yet a "plus factor," the freshness of approach that change sometimes brings, must also be offset against the damage that may be done by delays and inexperience. The art of government will never be frozen into such a state of perfection that it cannot profit from contributions by such eager and vigorous men as are now applying themselves to its problems.

Congress And the President



DOUGLASS CATER

DURING the Senate subcommittee hearings early in April on Senator John Bricker's proposed Constitutional Amendment, Senator Alexander Wiley dropped a remark which, though directed at Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, seemed intended for President Eisenhower himself. Some Senators, said Wiley, regarded Bricker's Senate Joint Resolution 1 as "a movement on the stage of history similar to what occurred in England when power was taken from the executive, and unlimited power, including executive power, rests now practically in the House of Commons."

Dulles and, on succeeding days, Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Assistant Secretary of Defense Frank Nash, and Mutual Security Director Harold Stassen argued that the Bricker Resolution would jeopardize existing treaties which had been negotiated in good faith and ratified by a two-thirds vote in the Senate, obstruct negotiation of future treaties, and place well-nigh insurmountable blocks in the path of the Executive Departments in their day-to-day conduct of foreign affairs. This would be the effect, they said, despite the fuzzy wording of the proposed Amendment, which seems to say only that the Constitution shall continue unchanged. President Eisenhower, who does not usually take such matters lightly, remarked at a press conference that it seemed a little odd to amend the Constitution by saying that it remained the same, but he overlooked the fact that Senators have seldom been known to reject legislation simply because it seemed a little odd.

The attitude of the disputants was perhaps more disturbing than the issue at stake. The members of the Senate Judiciary Committee who gathered for the hearing could hardly have included a more die-hard group of intransigents than John Butler of Maryland, William Langer of North Dakota, Pat McCarran of Nevada, Everett Dirksen of Illinois, Arthur Watkins of Utah, and William Jenner of Indiana. They made no attempt during the hearings to conceal their contempt for anyone who opposed the Amendment. When Secretary Dulles appeared, for instance, McCarran waited just long enough for him to begin his statement before getting up and tottering noisily out of the room. Throughout most of the proceedings, the Senators shared their committee table with Frank Holman, a former president of the American Bar Association who was himself a lobbyist for an even more drastic amendment than Bricker's. Holman whispered loudly to the Senators while the various Administration witnesses were testifying.

The Administration spokesmen behaved with remarkable restraint. Their briefs were excellently prepared, proving beyond doubt that bright young legal assistants are as bright as ever after the change of Administrations. The presentation lacked force, however. Hovering over the four witnesses throughout was President Eisenhower's statement at a press conference that he was not obliged to deliver a verdict on the Bricker Amendment, since if it passed both houses of Congress it would go directly to the various states and never even cross his desk.

SENSING this restraint on the part of the Executive branch in dealing with Congress, some Members of Congress have gleefully abandoned any restraint in their own dealings with the Executive branch. During the recent hearings, Senators occa-

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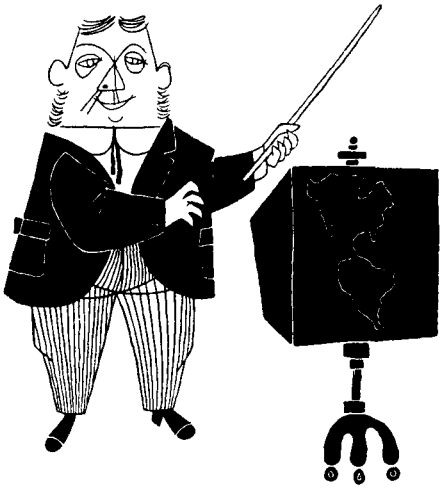
sionally gave voice to sentiments that they would never have dared to express openly in earlier times. When, for example, Secretary Dulles stated that the Senate could always rectify a badly drawn treaty by adopting reservations that would render it invalid unless the reservations were accepted by other signatories, Senator Dirksen broke in to remark sarcastically that his colleague Senator Jenner knew how futile this course was after his experience with the Japanese Peace Treaty last year. No one pointed out that Jenner had failed because less than one-third of the Senate would go along with him in wrecking a treaty that had been drawn up by a man named John Foster Dulles.

But treaty wrecking poses no special terror to these Senators. As Watkins, who is nothing if not frank, blurted out to Stassen, "We're trying to eliminate some fundamental mistakes made by previous Administrations." Among these fundamental mistakes, Watkins would include the United Nations, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, and practically every other postwar venture into the realm of international security that was initiated by the Executive and duly ratified by Congress.

THERE IS some reason to believe that the meek and mild approach of the Administration witnesses encouraged committee members to greater fury than a frontal attack on the Amendment would have. Each witness, after outlining every conceivable reason why the Amendment should be discarded, ended by calling for further study. Secretary Dulles even said that perhaps suitable language could be discovered to overcome his objections, though he was promptly forced to admit that he himself had tried and failed to find such language. Joining in what has become a regular pastime in Washington—the game of contradicting Dulles with Dulles—the Senators hauled out a speech he made on April 12, 1952, in which he had seemingly endorsed the very objectives that Bricker claimed to be accomplishing.

The immediate results of this episode are not so important as the condition it dramatizes. Perhaps the committee members will decide to postpone reporting out the Bricker Amendment until a more propitious time. They may even rephrase certain of its paragraphs to meet some of the objections voiced by Administration leaders, knowing full well that a two-thirds vote would be hard to come by if there were even a suspicion that the President was opposed.

But whatever happens to the Bricker Amendment, the Congressional intransigence that was revealed in the hearings seems to be spreading. For example, within a few hours after the President's conference with Congressmen Daniel A. Reed of New York and Richard M. Simpson of Pennsylvania, chairman and a ranking member respectively of the House Ways and Means Committee, Mr. Eisenhower announced the appointment of Joseph Talbott, a former Republican Congressman from Connecticut, to the Tariff Commission. Talbott, an avowed high-tariff man who voted to kill reciprocal trade when he was in the House, was known to be the candidate of Congressmen Reed and Simpson. And yet on the same day that Mr. Eisenhower obliged them, Simpson announced to reporters that he would defy the President's request to extend the Reciprocal Trade Act unchanged for another year. Instead, he is offering a bill of his own which among other things would take from the President all power to override decisions of the Tariff Commission when he deems it necessary.



Then there is a story about the Administration's efforts in regard to the Council of Economic Advisers. Despite the best efforts of the newly appointed chairman of the Council, Arthur F. Burns, to retain certain staff members who could preserve its continuity, Chairman John Taber (R., New York) of the House Appropriations Committee said "No." And Mr. Taber has prevailed.

BEHIND this appearance of weakness undoubtedly lies the President's great desire to lift Executive-Congressional relations to a higher plane than they have been in recent years. Patently, Mr. Eisenhower does not agree with a view frequently expressed by Mr. Truman during his final months in office that no President ever got along with Congress if he was any good. When pressed about current difficulties, Mr. Eisenhower steadfastly reiterates that relations are improving all along. When reporters persisted in the case of the McCarthy-Stassen Greek ship squabble, he flared up and responded sarcastically that he has been frightened by experts in war and peace.

But there are other experts, firmly dedicated to the Eisenhower cause, who believe that he is blind to at least two facts of Congressional life. Fact No. 1: Yielding to the die-hards on the Hill, even die-hards of one's own party, is not the same thing as cultivating good Congressional relations. Fact No. 2: Failure to make the Administration's case clear and forceful does not help the cause of good relations. This was notably true when a number of Congressmen had to reverse themselves on the Reorganization Act simply because Mr. Eisenhower had not made it clear that he wished no changes. By the time he did, most of them were already on record as supporting an amended version and had to reverse themselves. This sort of humiliation angers Congressmen even more than being pressured by the President in the first place.

Such experts argue that the tremendous growth of Presidential responsibility over the past decades demands an Executive program that embraces the whole range of legislation. It cannot be left entirely to the vagaries of the Congressional committees or independent potentates on the Hill.

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AT HOME & ABROAD

Report from the Burma Border

TIBOR MENDE

A FEW WEEKS AGO I was standing along the Burma Road north of Lashio surrounded by an excited group of villagers. Their town, not far from the Chinese border, had been attacked by Chinese Nationalist troops a few days before. Some houses had been burned down and two villagers shot. "It may be that the Americans have nothing to do with this," the headman of the village cried, gesticulating wildly. "But if they wanted to, they could stop giving arms and money to these people."

Then he turned toward the north and pointed in the direction of the desolate mountains of Yunnan Province in China. "Do you think that the Chinese Communists take these Kuomintang forces seriously?" he asked with a condescending smile. He was a tall, imposing man, and the villagers looked at him with respect as he posed a bitter question: "After all, is our friendship so cheap that the Americans should throw it away for the sake of these bandits?"

IN 1949, the Nationalist army of General Li Mi retreated into Burmese territory from Yunnan and has been abusing Burmese hospitality ever since. Descending from the north, Li Mi's forces have gradually penetrated the "eastern bulge" of the country until they now dominate all the mountainous country east of the Salween River. Thus Taunggyi, at the gateway to the wild Shan country, is the ideal place to begin learning about Burma's strange and undeclared war against its unwelcome visitors. And it was from Taunggyi that I set out on my journey to the battle-scarred village on the Burma Road.

Taunggyi has seen war, both civil and international, for the past ten years, though its scars are hardly visible. Business goes on as usual along its sleepy main street. The Indian and Chinese merchants sit in the midst of their imported fabrics and the thousand and one gadgets so dear to the customers of the bazaar. When I was there, bright posters were announcing that Hollywood's "Magic Carpet" was "exploding the screen" in one of the town's four movie houses, and a number of smaller bills advertised the wondrous achievements of an eye doctor who had just arrived with plentiful supplies of his magic lotion. One of the shops offered a Japanese canned sauce, the "invention of Professor Naka Kota of the Imperial Institute of Tokyo," and a neighboring bookstall was filled with gaudy novels and cheap booklets adorned with the portraits of Lenin, Stalin, and Mao Tse-tung. Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography*, an abridged version, lay in sulky solitude, dividing the novels from the tracts.

A bunch of Tibetan hawkers were peddling colored stones, and naked babies were sleeping around a garbage heap. Among the bamboo stalls and the pyramids of fruit and vegetables swirled an exotic crowd of women—cigar-smoking Burmese and Shan matrons, black-shirted Pao ladies richly adorned with silver trinkets, and an occasional Padaung beauty whose neck-stretching brass spiral drew universal admiration.

Off the main street, in a specially built bamboo shed, ceremonial dancing had been going on for several days. Golden effigies of the spirits were lined up on the altar and a succession of male and female performers kept the dancing going from dawn until midnight. In front of the orchestra of gongs and drums, a rich

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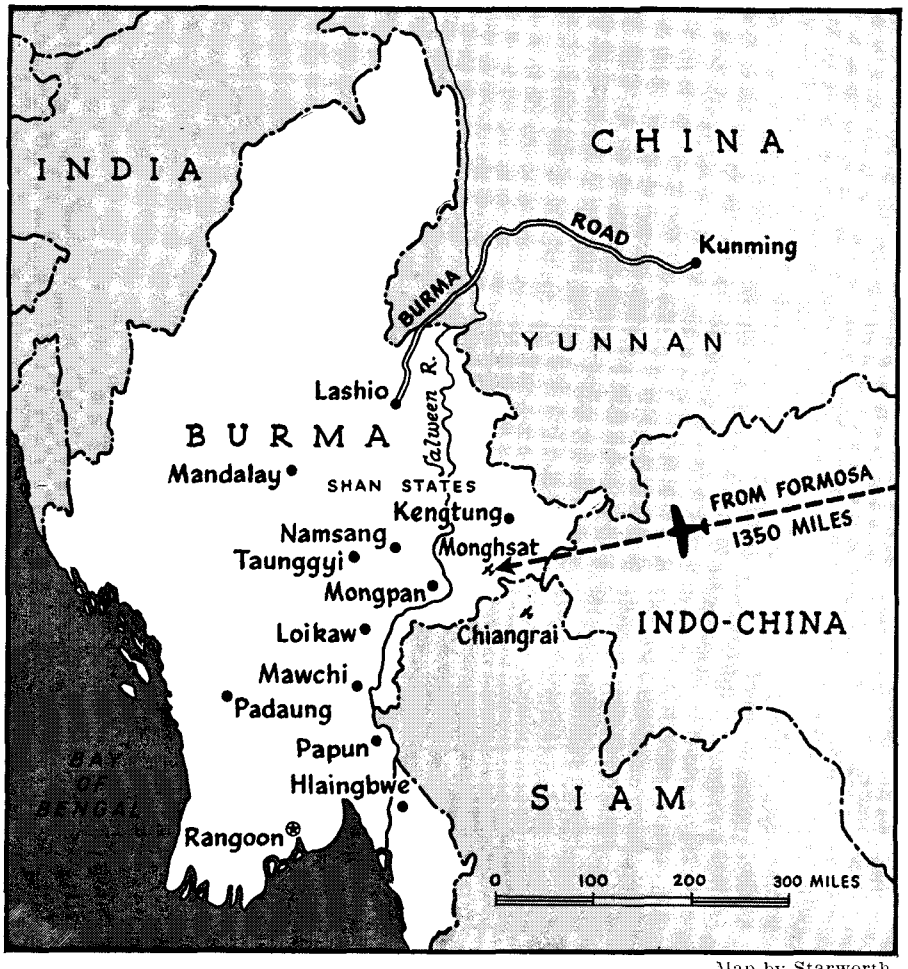
ceremonial meal was laid out for the convenience of the spirits, and a squatting crowd waited patiently to see if everything went according to the prescribed rules. Up on the hill, surrounded by several monasteries, a giant golden Buddha smiled benevolently at the drumming and dancing below.

"We love the Buddha, but we fear the spirits," a shopkeeper explained. "We are worried again," and he pointed at two passing civilians with pistols in their belts. "We have to protect ourselves. Murder and looting are returning. It's war again. Soldiers are passing through the town and people say that communications with Rangoon may be cut, so prices are going up," he added with a sigh.

EQUIPPED with a War Office pass, a bedroll, and a generous supply of DDT, I joined a heavily armed convoy that was headed east. The local commander loaned me a battered jeep and, sandwiched between two Dodge troop-carrying trucks, I began the journey.

The terrain east of Taunggyi up to the Chinese and Siamese borders is made to order for guerrilla warfare. For hours and hours one sees nothing but jungle-covered mountains. There are few villages, but the existing roads are surprisingly good, though sharp bends and continuous climbing make progress rather slow. The soldiers in the two trucks, some sixty of them, were armed with rifles and Sten guns, but they assured me that no trouble was expected for at least another thirty miles. Who might attack us after that, nobody ventured to guess. The Chinese Nationalists had supposedly been cleared from this part of the Shan States, although villages were still attacked every now and then. The Burmese Communists, those who had not yet surrendered, were operating far away in the northwest. The Karens, the largest of the disgruntled national minorities who are still fighting the government, were to the south. We still might expect to be attacked by Shans, Paos, or, what was even more likely, ordinary bandits of the sort the Burmese countryside has known for the past thousand years.

But nothing exceptional happened that day. Of the tigers and black leopards in the surrounding jungle we saw nothing. As we went on, the mountains slowly acquired a bluish color and the pagoda-studded hilltops combined with the cherry trees then in blossom to reproduce the atmosphere of old Chinese prints. Finally, after seven hours of continuous driving, we passed the first roadblocks of Namsang, the advanced tactical headquarters from which the present Burmese government offensive against the Chinese Nationalists is being directed.



Map by Starworth

Trouble spot: Four-nation frontier area

Reign of Optimism

A cluster of thatched bamboo barracks planted in hot sand, a deserted airstrip, a shed housing a solitary anti-aircraft gun, some two dozen armored cars, and about as many six-pounder guns constituted the physical layout. The soldiers around the place looked fit and well fed. They busied themselves with teakettles, hammered away on typewriters, or practiced driving their armored vehicles with all the excitement and all the shouting of children with new toys. The officer in charge was away in neighboring Loilem to attend a funeral. The military plane expected from the capital had not arrived, and nobody seemed to know when it would come. One of the captains took me to the map room and assured me not only that the Nationalists of General Li Mi would be beaten in no time but that the Burmese Army could easily stand up to an invasion by Mao's Reds.

There was a pervasive jollity in the air that made war seem very far away. Partly, no doubt, this jollity proceeded from the Burman's enviable capacity to regard life, including war, as a huge joke. But partly it proceeded from satisfactory news from the fighting areas and from a general belief built up by the press that everything was going well. However, two days of patient insistence were enough to convince me

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that I had not the slightest chance of accomplishing my original task—to get beyond this oasis of optimism and see the front. The reason was quite simple. In this war nothing like a "front" really existed. On our side of the Salween River there were no organized Chinese Nationalist forces. The operations of the past few weeks had been against bands of one or two hundred men who attacked a village and disappeared shortly after, or against raiding parties who looted here and there but who were careful to avoid any engagement with Burmese forces. Operations on our side of the Salween consisted solely of the systematic combing of the terrain to enable the Burmese Army to cross the river and assault General Li Mi's headquarters.

Minor-League War

There were, of course, some notable exceptions. In November of last year the Chinese Nationalists twice attacked and looted the little town of Mongpyin. They have launched regular attacks against convoys traveling on the Taunggyi-Kengtung road ever since. Then, early in January of this year, a sizable Chinese Nationalist force overran Monghsu and fought a regular battle with Burmese forces. Early in February three hundred Chinese Nationalists combined with Karens in an attack on the little town of Loikaw, sixty miles south of Taunggyi. Having occupied it, they began to build fortifications. It was only several days later that the Burmese Army, police, and civil-defense organizations succeeded in driving them out, and the enveloping movement came too late to prevent the enemy's escape.

The hide-and-seek continues. Thinly spread out as the Burmese forces are, the Chinese can always find a vacuum to fill. They have been doing precisely that and with growing energy, evidently unimpressed by the Burmese plan to push them back beyond the river.

In this kind of fighting, tanks, planes, and big guns are of little use. Though the Burmese keep announcing that they have cleared the area west of the river, sudden assaults and surprise attacks give them the lie. Unperturbed, Burmese tactical headquarters at Namsang is planning a final assault against Monghsat itself, against the Chinese Nationalist headquarters on the other side of the Salween River. Listening to the youthful, confident captains and majors might persuade one that within a few weeks the whole "Chinese episode" will be over. But the real situation is somewhat more complicated.

After the collapse of Chiang's armies, two groups of beaten Nationalists entered Burma between December, 1949, and March, 1950. By far the bigger comprised remnants of the Eighth Army (26th and 93rd Divisions). It fell back on Kengtung State in Burma. Gradually this force entrenched itself in the isolated triangle on Burma's southeastern frontier, and when in June, 1950, the Rangoon government asked it to lay down its arms, it declared that if attacked it would retaliate. For some time the matter rested there for the simple reason that no one attacked.

The Burmese government had its hands full with insurrections all over the country. The army, an inexperienced force of some fifteen thousand scantily armed men at that time, was unable to cope with even the interlocking rebellions of the White Flag and Red Flag Communists, the Karens, and the People's Volunteer Organization.

The Nationalist Build-up

General Li Mi made good use of the time thus granted him. Not only did he build bunkers and fortifications around his headquarters at the tiny market town of Monghsat, but from January, 1951, onward, he began to recruit soldiers from Burma's eastern border areas. Meanwhile, arms, ammunition, and medical supplies were pouring in by land and by air from the direction of Siam, and the airstrip at Monghsat was extended into an airfield capable of handling large four-engined planes.

Helicopters and ordinary planes have been landing at Monghsat about twice a week. The Burmese maintain that most of them come from Chiangrai airport just across the Siamese border. In November, 1951, the remains of an American-made helicopter were found on Burmese territory, although the authorities were unable to identify the bodies found in the wreckage. But the Burmese authorities claim to have documentary evidence that American citizens—whose names they are unwilling to disclose—have been participating in the arms traffic that has helped Li Mi equip and expand his forces operating within Burma.

However this may be, there certainly has been a build-up. The results are clearly noticeable. By the middle of 1951, leaving about a quarter of his forces at Monghsat, Li Mi marched north. There his forces spread out and began their systematic terror raids on undefended villages along the entire length of the eastern border.

In October, 1951, together with

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some seven hundred of his soldiers, General Li Mi was reported to have departed for Formosa, leaving General Liu Kuo-chuan (formerly of the 26th Division) in command. At about the same time the flow of equipment coming in from the east was noticeably stepped up. Then, in February, 1952, over six hundred "instructors" were flown in from Formosa—presumably the same men who had departed for the Chinese Nationalist island only five months earlier. It was the arrival of this large group of specially trained men that heralded the beginning of an entirely new phase in Nationalist operations in Burma.

SHORTLY afterward, in the spring of last year, the Burmese government obtained definite evidence that the Chinese Nationalists were co-operating with the Karen Nationalist Defense Organization, which was in open rebellion against the Rangoon government. Some thousand Chinese Nationalists were reported in Mawchi, the important Karen-held wolfram-mining center 270 miles from Rangoon. Captured documents have revealed that the Karen-Chinese Nationalist alliance was gaining momentum. A detachment of seven hundred Chinese Nationalists from Monghsat joined the Karen insurgents and entered with them the towns of Papun, Hlaingbwe, and Panga, all about a hundred miles from the Burmese capital.

Thus the pretense of merely "borrowing" Burmese territory to prepare for an eventual return to China was thrown overboard. Instead, the Chinese Nationalists are now openly interfering in Burma's internal politics in unconcealed military alliance with an armed force that is challenging the elected government of the country. This, more than anything else, was responsible for Burma's decision to place the Chinese Nationalist issue before the United Nations.

In the Capital

Back in Rangoon I went to see soft-spoken U Ba Swe, Burma's doctrinaire Socialist Defense Minister. "We have absolute evidence that the arms supplied to the Chinese Nationalists on our territory have come from Formosa," said the man who gets most of the credit for his government's successes against insurgents during the past two years. "Some of these weapons are the most modern automatic rifles, manufactured long after the end of the Second World War. We have been anxious to avoid complications. We have hoped that the United States would use its influence in Formosa to bring this whole affair to an end. We have offered to let the Chinese Nationalists go and have even promised to send their arms after them if only they would surrender, but events have taken a new turn now and we can't afford to be patient any longer."

Though hardly less optimistic than his youthful commanders in the field, U Ba Swe did not believe that the Nationalists could be defeated before the rains come in the middle of May. But the campaign will continue next fall, and the Burmese forces are now adequate, he thinks, to cope with the problem. In any case—Burma's "strong man" was quite definite on this point—Burma will accept no foreign military aid to finish the job.

U Ba Swe's caution, in such glaring contrast to the cheerful optimism of the newspapers, seems warranted. The Burmese Army has not yet cleared the Chinese Nationalist troops from the almost impenetrable mountains and forests which lie between the Shan States and China. As for the Shan States themselves, the Burmese forces are across the Salween and they do hold Kengtung, but that is still some six days' march from Monghsat, the Chinese Nationalist headquarters to the south. The international borders in the rear of Monghsat are ideally suited to facilitate tactical withdrawals. Moreover, Chiangrai is just across the Siamese frontier, and emergency reinforcements might be rushed in from its airport.

CHINESE NATIONALIST forces in Burma are believed to have swelled to about twelve thousand men. More than half of them are locally recruited resident Chinese or frontier tribesmen, lured into the ranks either by threats or by the even more effective promise of loot. Burma's young army, on the other hand, has grown into a force of nearly fifty thousand, whose senior officers are of fine quality and whose younger officers are rapidly acquiring training and responsibility.

About one-fifth of this whole force is employed in the present anti-Chinese Nationalist offensive, leaving just over thirty-five thousand men to fight the dangerous rebellion of the Karens in the south, to keep in check the surviving formations of the native Communist insurgents in the northwest, and to garrison key posts and man the communication lines of a country that is as big as Texas and has barely finished a civil war. Even if Monghsat were taken and some of its defenders captured, the six to eight thousand Chinese troops scattered all along the eastern frontier areas would hardly be affected.

However, a few weeks in Burma are sufficient to convince any observer that a purely military assessment of the situation yields misleading conclusions.

Although the government's posi-

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tion has improved greatly during the past three years, much of the "order" established is of a somewhat fictitious nature. Open rebellion in many parts of the country has merely given place to local warlordism, allowing rebellious groups to consolidate their positions. Many observers believe that much of the disorder still existing in the country is kept going as a profitable business and does not always rest on authentic ideological differences.

Day after day the trains for Mandalay roll hopefully out of Rangoon, but the passengers must always be prepared to spend several days in halted coaches, sustained by no more than a faint hope that finally they will arrive at their destinations. Orders of the central government are dutifully transmitted to distant towns and villages, but as often as not they are received by insurgents exploiting the absence of government forces to replenish their cash and provisions.

While flowery speeches are made in Rangoon about coming welfare schemes, government vehicles dare not use the roads after dark over much of the country. There are rumors that insurgents and government forces are often fully informed about each other's movements. This convenient arrangement allows each side to satisfy its backers with news of resounding "conquests" of undefended localities. Rumor has it that arms, opium, rice, and raw materials are traded according to a highly complicated clandestine accounting, and most of the participants seem to find this arrangement much more profitable than merely being citizens of an orderly and well-organized state. Irrespective of their ideological labels, various forces are engaged in the smuggling of machines and spare parts toward the Chinese border. Illegally acquired arms from Siam are obtained in exchange for a regular flow of opium and other marketable commodities. Even the Chinese Nationalist-Karen alliance is believed to be based on the exchange of the Karen-controlled wolfram for modern arms provided by the Chinese Nationalists.

Against such a background it is no wonder if the Chinese Nationalist troops, by no means newcomers to the trade, have adapted themselves admirably to local practices. It would be difficult to say how many of General Li Mi's soldiers live happily off the proceeds of brigandage and how many regard their sojourn in Burma as a military necessity. Between 1950 and 1952 they made seven attempts to cross the Chinese border and were beaten back with heavy casualties each time. Since then they have prudently refrained from such excursions.

They Don't Believe Us

It seems obvious that at least some of the Chinese Nationalists still maintain a degree of military discipline and obey orders. But it is equally obvious that a larger number of them have become a self-propelling force and that they consider their stay in Burma merely as a profitable adventure and would be sorry to see it end. As a military threat against Red China, they are not likely to be taken seriously on the other side of the border. Separatist as the people of Yunnan Province may be, Li Mi's forces are hardly apt to get them into a war with Peking.

Meanwhile, even the easygoing Burmese show signs of bitterness. "No amount of denial from the Americans will make the Burmese people believe that the Kuomintang troops in Burma are growing in strength and power without the connivance and support of American military authorities, whether from the Pentagon or from [Formosa]," the *New Times of Burma*, a faithful mirror of current governmental opinion, editorialized not long ago. "The Burmese people believe wholeheartedly in democracy . . . and friendly relations with all . . . they do not believe, however, in the new American foreign policy of letting the Asians fight the Asians. . . . The sooner the Nationalists are taken out of Burmese territory by the Formosa Government to whose designs the American Government is privy, the better it will be for future Burmese-American friendship. . . ."

Much of this may be mere rhetoric. But a great deal of it is representative of the growing impatience of all classes of Burmese.

There is little doubt that by exchanging a highly dubious military asset for the friendship of a young and strategically important country, both the United States and Formosa would gain. On the other hand, it is more than doubtful if any instructions to surrender would really be obeyed by all who are now considered as part of the Chinese Nationalist forces in Burma. But if they were deprived of their supplies and of their disciplined military cadres, the task of the Burmese government in clearing up the rest would be immensely lightened.

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O Speak to Me of Love!

An Englishwoman visits a harem

LESLEY BLANCH

A HAREM IS probably the supreme example of plenty. But as austerity spreads its blight far and wide, even harems are dwindling.

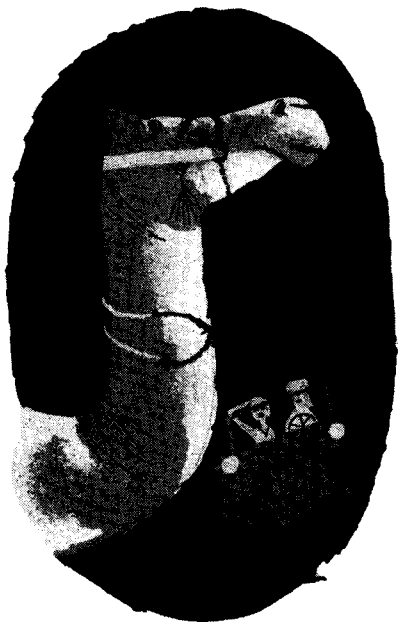
However, when my husband and I were in a little oasis town in Tripoli a few months ago, I heard echoes of one harem which seemed lavish in the old-fashioned sense. Four wives and sixty-two concubines has nothing of austerity about it. Moreover, it was housed in a palace celebrated throughout North Africa for its magnificence. This might be my last chance to visit such an exotic institution. I decided to try.

Its name had long been familiar to me, though here, perhaps, it is more discreet to give it another. Let us call it the Palais Ben Djebel. It was one of those houses around which all sorts of legends cling. It was said that there were faïences from the Grand Seraglio, Moorish carvings, and Venetian mirrors. It had been renowned as a fabulous extravaganza—a folly. In that part of the world they say "to build a Palais Ben Djebel," in other words, to spend wildly. There were sinister stories too. An unfaithful wife had been walled up alive in the garden pavilion where she had kept an injudicious tryst. Another had been tied to a bench in the midday sun "to fade her fatal beauty."

It had been built in the seventeenth century by a pasha of Turkish origin, who had been made governor of the province. He had continued the Turkish custom of stocking his seraglio with Circassians, so that his descendants had acquired a reputation for great beauty. But all the while, the Palace had been crumbling beneath the savage desert suns. Arab buildings do not last well. Even the most splendid have a transitory air. The nomad tent is sensed behind the marble courts. One century of neglect makes them appear the equal of any Roman ruin. So it was with the Palais Ben Djebel. It sank into decay. The family stagnated, poverty-stricken and forgotten. But just as today we see impoverished British aristocrats keeping, when all else has vanished, the shells of their stately homes, so it was here. The Prince Ben Djebel, in another, more torrid zone, had arrived at a similar compromise. All else might crumble and decay, but the harem must remain.

A Stately Pleasure Dome

It was arranged that the military should provide me with a jeep and a spahi to act as chauffeur-interpreter. There were a lot of jolly Gallic jokes about the object of my visit, and the Commandant advised me to profess an interest in architecture rather than in family life.



When we set off, it was an oppressive, overcast morning. My chauffeur, a handsome young Arab romantically named Fardjenie, bumped the jeep at full speed from one palm clump to another, over stony fields or through cactus-hedged plantations. At last we encountered a group of Berber women working on a barley field who knew where the palace was hidden.

More stony fields, more bumping, till we approached a large clump of tall date palms and tangled vegetation. Somewhere in the middle we glimpsed a square building of yellow stone. Coming nearer, we saw some mangy camels tethered to a broken-down doorway. They gave us a scornful stare, their long yellow teeth mincing at the cud. Presently an old man shuffled out of a gap in the wall. He looked more Asian than Arab and might have come from one of Genghis Khan's encampments. An exceedingly dirty caftan dragged around his ankles, and two long thin mustachios drooped to his waist in the old Chinese fashion.

There was a ritual exchange of flowery phrases before he motioned us into the courtyard. Fardjenie explained that we were in luck: The Prince was away. The old man was his cousin and bailiff. The mere sight of Fardjenie's uniform had so impressed him that he raised no objections. I could go all over the Palace.

NO ECHO of life reached us across the vast abandoned courts. Everywhere there was squalor and decay. Fig trees burst through the fissures in the walls. Stringy vines twined around the pillars. The fountains were chipped and dry. Lizards

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darted about, disappearing in the flick of an eye between the cracked paving stones. A heap of noisome rags was burning slowly, a thin spiral of smoke hanging in the air. Balconies lurched out, barely suspended by rotted beams. There was no glass in any of the windows. Faded blue shutters flapped dismally as a sudden gust of wind whipped the dust through the courts. Overhead the birds circled uneasily, and the palm leaves rattled metallically—a dry, scaly sound.

The old man led us from one great pillared court to the next, all empty, all ruined. Then he made signs to me to climb some crumbling stairs, while he and Fardjenie remained below. For Fardjenie, as an Arab, the harem or women's quarters were taboo. On the floor above I came to an interior court, a patio open to the sky, pillared in black and white marble, with elaborate faïences covering the walls. This I took to be part of the harem, but it was as deserted as all the rest. I sat down on a battered gasoline can beside the well and wondered which of the many doors led to the treasures. It was very hot, and there were a lot of flies about. I lit a cigarette.

Jasmine and Mutton Fat

Gradually I became aware of eyes watching me. Eyes everywhere. Eyes behind the heavy grilles, eyes peeping through cracks in the warped blue doors, eyes squinting against a chink in the panels. The harem was inspecting its visitor.

"*Bonjour!*" I said hopefully. There was no reply.

"*Arroussa!*" I said, airing one of my few Arabic terms. *Arroussa* is alleged to be a magic password for Arab women. "The beautiful—the bride," literally, a phrase which pleases both past and prospective brides, whether in recollection or anticipation of that supreme occasion which, along with the birth of a son, is the sum total of an Arab woman's earthly achievement.

There were whisperings and scufflings. I pretended an interest in the architecture and examined the tiles. Gradually doors began to open, shutters were pushed back, and one by one the harem emerged. Step by step they closed in. They did not speak,

nor did I. We regarded each other obliquely, they through their veils, I through my sunglasses.

All sorts and conditions of women appeared: old, young, pretty, plain. Some waddled obesely, a lifetime of lolling and sweetmeats evident in their mountainous flesh. Most were enormously pregnant. There were children everywhere. All the women wore ragged finery, with greasy, snakelike locks of hair emerging from beneath their heavy veils. Some stared past me with the terrible milky blankness of trachoma, a prevalent disease in those parts; some young ones had already lost one eye, while the other rotted in its socket. Some squinted. Some smiled, displaying teeth as long as the camels'. Oh, where were the Circassians?

Over all hung an overpowering odor of stale mutton fat, and that spicy sour smell so typical of Arab countries which no amount of strong perfumes can override. The ladies were indeed heavily perfumed. Each time they moved, their tattered draperies fluttered, and a blast of jasmine or rose hit me.

ONE BY ONE they shed their shyness. Now dozens of darkly hennaed, pudgy hands plucked at me, pulling me this way and that. With signs, we established a sort of conversation. I exclaimed with exaggerated gestures of admiration whenever I was shown anything, from a rickety baby to a tambourine made of an old Spam tin. Was I mistaken or did Fardjenie's face appear for a moment from behind a flapping shutter? No one seemed to notice him. Perhaps I imagined it.

The oldest, stoutest matron, whom I took to be the first wife, since she had authority over the others and wore more jewelry, now waved imperiously toward a door that had remained closed. A key was brought and I was led through a large dark room to another door. This too was unlocked, to disclose yet another, smaller, shuttered room, where I could just make out, in the obscurity, two very plump girls sitting on the floor beside a tray of food, playing *trictrac*. They must have been about fourteen or fifteen, fair-skinned and with eyebrows elongated by lines of tattooing.

"*Arroussa!*" I said once more, feeling something was required of me. They beamed and broke into a flood of guttural phrases. It was not till later that I learned they were the latest recruits, who had not yet been technically incorporated into the

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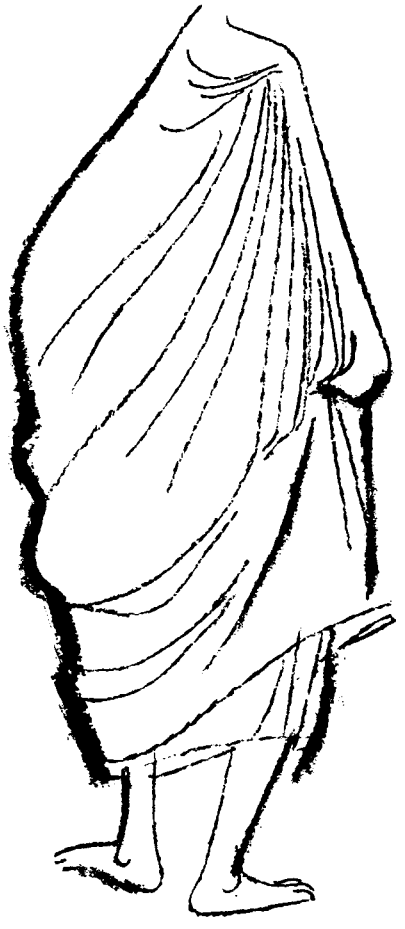
harem but were being, in Hollywood parlance, groomed for stardom, fattened up on a special enlarging diet of oil and semolina. They were being kept away from the daylight so that their flesh would acquire the oily plump whiteness of asparagus. I thought of beauty and the beholder's eye and remembered the West, where lithe brown bodies sun-bathe and diet remorselessly to achieve the desired standards of leanness.

The Prince's Bedroom

Back once more with the rest of the harem, glasses of green tea were circulated. Mine, I saw with resignation, was opaque with dirt. By now we were old friends—all barriers down.

When the old man shuffled up to fetch me, there were angry protests and he was pushed out. We ladies of the harem—for of course I was quite one of them now—settled down to enjoy things. Now came the *clou* of my whole tour. They led me to an upper floor, by a wooden staircase so rotten that it splintered under us. We followed an arcaded gallery where the ceilings, once richly gilt, were peeling scabrously. Ragged birds' nests were crammed into the carved cornices, and huge black birds flapped away through the gaps in the wall as we approached.



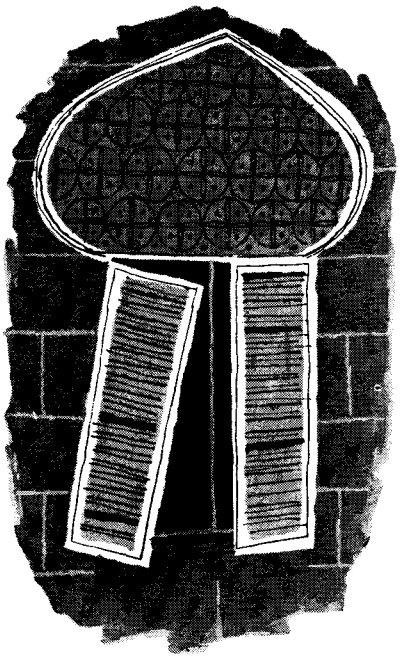
Looking up at a dilapidated loggia, I could have sworn I saw Fardjenie, pale and open-mouthed, peering down. But when I looked again, the shadow had vanished. A double door, heavily studded with nails in the Andalusian style, was now unlocked. Amid gestures of pride I was ushered into the Prince's bedroom.

This holy of holies was hung with tattered Genoese velvets and had two great gilt-and-mirror alcove beds of the kind found chiefly in Tunisia, but the mirrors were cracked across like crazy pavements. All around the walls ran a line of pegs from which hung a collection of women's garments. There must have been hundreds: all kinds and colors, historic marriage costumes stiff with gold and silver thread, shawls, scarves, Turkish trousers, velvet, pearl-embroidered, moth-eaten, stained, and faded. Torn laces, limp gauzes, the striped red-and-yellow *foutas* of Djerba, rosy English chintzes, and a draggled ballerina's tutu. Evidently the Prince kept the communal wardrobe of his chambers under personal supervision.

I GATHERED there were violent scenes of jealousy, as much on account of the clothes as the Prince's favors, and I was reminded of the wardrobe room of a repertory theater where the company bicker ceaselessly over the best costumes.

There were fine rugs on the floor, but they were torn and threadbare. A pair of Italian cabinets inlaid with tortoise shell and ivory completed the furnishings. In the corner of the room stood a large red factory time clock. Perhaps with sixty-two concubines, to say nothing of four wives, the Prince found it best to apportion his favors scrupulously. Following my eye, the ladies surged round, punched it expertly, and presented me with the ticket. "1: 54" it read.

"I must fly! I shall be terribly late!" I heard myself saying. Tinnily social, the phrase rang oddly through the Prince's bedroom. Alas! The luncheon tables of civilization are always calling us back. . . .



The harem followed me, pantomiming their grief, their hope that I would stay among them. Some of them, I learned later, had never even seen a car or visited the nearest village. Some had never left the Palace. Some had been born there, and none of them could read or write. I was the first foreign woman they had ever seen. They surrounded me, holding my hands lovingly . . . *Bismillah!* Good-by! They placed their stumpy fingers on their lips in the ritual gesture of farewell. I emptied my bag to find souvenirs for them. A packet of colored-headed pins threw the first wife into transports of delight.

AS WE drove off I looked around. The gaping windows and ruined balconies were crowded. I waved. They waved back. *Bismillah!* The big black birds circled overhead. Dogs raced yelping beside our wheels, and the last flutter of scarves was lost behind the cactus hedges. Fardjenie went at a furious pace, scowling ahead. Presently he gave me a sour glance.

"I have heard tell of the Palais Ben Djebel ever since I was a little boy," he said bitterly. "My father used to talk about the Prince's harem. My grandfather too. . . . But it was all hearsay, to them. . . ." He gave me another spiteful glance, and I knew that the illusions of his youth had been shattered.

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One-Fourth of a Nation—
Public Lands and Itching Fingers

WALLACE STEGNER

HISTORY, like the balance of nature, is all of a piece. Tinker with it anywhere and you must adjust everywhere. That is why the proposed transfer of the offshore oil lands to the states is one of the most explosive issues that the Eighty-third Congress will touch. The policy affecting those oil lands is related to all Federal land and resources policies; a jar to one will be felt through the whole structure. Transfer of the oil lands will threaten the whole public domain. Not simply a policy but the direction of our history is at stake in the oil-lands dispute.

What is the public domain? As of April, 1953, the Federal government owns 458 million acres of the continent proper, and on this land it owns and operates scores of storage and flood-control dams, pumping stations, and power stations. Through a public corporation it owns also the whole vast development of the Tennessee and its tributaries. Through the Forest Service, National Park Service, Bureau of Land Management, and other agencies it administers 139 million acres of national forests, 147 million acres of grazing land, 12 million acres of parks and monuments, 14 million acres of defense installations, and 9 million acres of Indian reservations. It also owns ninety-five per cent of the total area of Alaska. The acreage in Federal hands in 1951 was twenty-four per cent of the area of the nation; west of the Rockies, about half the land was government-owned.

Uncle Sam became his own biggest landlord by necessity, not intention. He tried to give it all away, but homesteaders wouldn't take it all. And if he had succeeded in giving away or selling all his real estate and had bought none back, there would be no TVA, no Columbia Basin or Central Valley projects. Yellowstone and Yosemite and Glacier and the other parks would be logged off; the watersheds would be even more eroded than they are; and there would be annual floods more destructive than that on the Missouri in 1952. Beer halls and dance pavilions would grace the prow of Mesa Verde, and entrepreneurs would be selling Western scenery wherever any was left. And giving the offshore oil to the states would really be what it only seems now to some people—the last act of a long drama of disposal.

THERE IS a brand of states-rightsism that is more Western than Southern, more Republican than Democratic, and based not on history or sentiment but on natural resources of enormous value. And yet the real struggle is not between states and the Federal government but between the public interest and the powerful and persistent private interests that for

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years have tried to corral the West's land, water, timber, and water power.

More than the resources themselves are involved. Almost as important are the intangible assets: the protection of watersheds and the regulation of stream flow and the control of silt; the conservation of the "biotic layer" of the topsoil upon which all life depends; hunting, fishing, recreation, and the propagation and protection of wild life; and the international security that is based on having adequate oil reserves.

An Old Story

If Federal ownership and management of resources in the public interest is "creeping socialism," then socialism has been creeping for a long time. The first major exception to the policy of complete disposal implicit in the Homestead Act of 1862 was the reservation of Yellowstone National Park in 1872, with the purpose of preserving it from private exploitation. The national forests date back to the Forest Reserve Act of 1891; most of the reservations were established by Presidents Harrison, Cleveland, McKinley, and Theodore Roosevelt, who were fought every step of the way by patriotic Americans eager to "develop" timber resources.

The system of leasing public lands for mineral and oil extraction began with the Mineral Leasing Act of 1920, amended several times since but not altered in its basic assumption that the lands involved were going to remain in government hands. The same lease system was applied to the range land by the Taylor Grazing Act of 1934. That Act, to all intents and purposes, ended the period of disposal and settled us in the policy of local management under Federal ownership.

Of the principal acts of legislation that brought the change about, only the Taylor Grazing Act was passed under the New Deal, and even that was the product of almost sixty years of agitation. It was fathered by a Democratic Congressman from Colorado, Edward Thomas Taylor, who had fought Federal authority over the public lands for years. And while it was on its way through Congress, Washington was visited by the same persuasive force that had converted Representative Taylor: Wind from the Dust Bowl blew across half the nation to sift dust on the streets of the capital itself.

By and large, all Federal assumptions of responsibility for management have come as emergency rescue operations. The Civilian Conservation Corps, the Soil Conservation Service, and other innovations of the 1930's found their work and their justification in a mined-out and eroded public domain. A large part of the Federal land purchases in the past twenty years has been of overgrazed, eroded, or otherwise submarginal land that had either to be retired from use or become desert.

One after another, as its resources began to disappear before exploiters careless of the future, the nation rescued what it could of its wilderness areas, its timber, its water, its essential minerals, and its range. In more than fifty years, the only real breaks in the development of this policy have been two Republican Administrations, Taft's and Hoover's. There are many who think the third, and most dangerous, may be the Administration of Dwight D. Eisenhower.

GIFFORD PINCHOT, never one to minimize his own achievements, gave himself credit for initiating the conservation movement and Theodore Roosevelt credit for selling it to the American people. The record testifies to the effectiveness of both men; but it also testifies that Pinchot himself called William J. McGee "the brains of the conservation movement," and that McGee, in turn, derived most of his ideas from his friend and onetime boss, Major John Wesley Powell, the second director of the U.S. Geological Survey.

Conservation began, actually, with Powell's *Report on the Lands of the Arid Region* in 1878. It hardly had time to raise its head before it was stamped to death by enraged Western Congressmen.

And yet if Congress had accepted and acted on Powell's report, the nation would almost certainly have been spared the worst evils of the Dust Bowl, the incalculable waste of precious topsoil, and the sad failure of thousands of homesteaders on the plains. It would now be farther along with a coherent program of reclamation for the West, and it would have simpler, more workable water laws to deal with. The government would, in fact, own less of the public domain than it does now, for Powell's proposals would have made more land habitable by homesteaders. He suggested yielding to the conditions of the arid West and altering the sacred 160-acre homestead so that an irrigation farmer would get no more than eighty acres, a grazing farmer as much as 2,560 acres. Both farmers would get inseparable water rights with their land. He called for Federal encouragement of irrigation, at least through surveys, and he pointed out that irrigation in Montana, navigation and flood control on the Missouri-Mississippi, and reclamation of swamps in Louisiana were all involved the moment men began regulating a stream of the Missouri headwaters.

Powell was talking about the multipurpose river-basin development as

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we know it now, but talking at least sixty years too soon. They called him a revolutionary and they stopped him cold for ten years. Then at the end of the 1880's there began a long, disastrous drought that depopulated whole sections of the plains and drove Congress to action. The most intelligent suggestions at hand were those Powell had made ten years before, and he was empowered to make an irrigation survey of the West.

By a freak of legislative inattention, the enabling law contained an amendment intended to frustrate speculators: It called for the temporary withdrawal from settlement of all potentially irrigable lands in the arid region. No one had bothered to define the arid region, and no one could know what lands were irrigable until the survey was completed. The result was that *all* Western lands were withdrawn, and an enraged Congress found that it had closed the public domain to settlement for the first time in our history as a nation and given Powell unprecedented powers to say when and how it should be reopened.

He had a chance to regulate settlement, discourage the settling of submarginal lands, and steer settlers to those they could actually farm, and he waged a campaign to get public support. He urged the organizing of the new Western states not according to arbitrary county lines but by drainage basins. He pointed out the interdependence of forested mountains, watershed slopes, grazing benchlands, and the lower irrigable lands, and the ways in which water dominated them all. "All the great values of this territory," he told the Montana Constitutional Convention in 1889, "have ultimately to be measured to you in acre feet."

Herblock in the Washington *Post*

'And Next, Mates, We Head For Land'

IMPLICIT or explicit throughout Powell's argument is the concept upon which all the river-basin plans are built. Every element of modern multipurpose development is in his thinking except hydroelectric power, which he allowed for but whose importance he could not fully foresee.

For his pains the Congressmen stamped Powell down again in 1890, curtailed his powers, and broke up his survey by cutting his appropriations. He retired as head of the Geological Survey in 1894. But one by one, over many years and under the jurisdiction of many bureaus, practically everything he proposed has been enacted into law or built up into co-operative institutions.

In the year of his death, 1902, came the National Reclamation Act, with all its authorizations for water storage, irrigation, stream regulation, and power. Flood control has become, under various Rivers and Harbors bills, the preoccupation—not to everyone's satisfaction—of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. The hydrographic work that Powell's Irrigation Survey began is now carried on by the Water Supply division of the Geological Survey. Most of the savable forests are reserved. The spirit of the co-operative open range proposed in the 1878 report is achieved by the Taylor Grazing Act—or would be if administration of the Act had not been crippled by its enemies.

The Opposition

While these policies have been developing, opposition has continued virulent and implacable. Senator Pat McCarran's tactics in destroying the Taylor Grazing Act—to investigate and cut appropriations—were precisely the tactics used against Powell by Senator William M. Stewart, also of Nevada, in 1890. Local and special resistance has made some clauses of the Reclamation Act unenforceable. The Forest Service and the Park Service have been under pressure

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from stockmen, oilmen, and lumbermen—all urging transfer of forest or park lands to private owners or to the states.

Conceivably, concerted attacks at this time could overturn the whole policy of Federal management. They are likely, however, to be only partly successful, to whittle out of government hands the most productive elements now Federally owned or to remove the controls that now prevent great profits by land and power companies and speculators. The grazing lands, including those within the national forests, are in danger; public power is in danger; the 160-acre water limitation within reclamation projects is in danger; and the offshore oil lands are in the most serious danger. Maybe these riches will ultimately be restored, but they will probably return gutted, eroded, and mined out, when they are of no further use to private owners. Then the nation can try to restore them.

IT MAY be taken as gospel that the strongest antagonism to government ownership and management will be found among those who would profit most from their elimination. Whatever the diversionary tactics and political smoke screens, the issue is public interest vs. private profit. If stockmen or landowners grow wrathful about Federal absentee landlordism and call for the "return" of Federal lands to state tax rolls (where they never have been), they do so because a powerful local group can dominate a state government more easily than it can a Federal bureau.

Consider the tactics of the stockmen's attempted raid on the Federal lands in 1946-1947. Following up Senator McCarran's emasculation of the Taylor Grazing Act and working through friendly Western members of Congress such as former Senator Edward V. Robertson and former Representative Frank A. Barrett of Wyoming (now a Senator), the National Livestock Association proposed that all Taylor Grazing District lands be turned over to private ownership. As a second step it wanted reclassification of grazing lands within the national forests, parks, and monuments. Once reclassified, these would be turned over with the

Taylor lands to the stockmen. One of the prime objectives was to gobble the Jackson Hole National Monument. Another was to escape government supervision over grazing and the limitations on the animal units per month that could be run on government land.

They might have got the grazing lands alone, for the Grazing Districts were almost helpless and the lands themselves enlist no one's sentiment, as the parks and forests do. But in extending the grab to the parks and forests the stockmen challenged conservationists and vacationers, and these people rose up in such numbers that Representative Barrett's House Committee on Public Lands, which had set out to hold hearings throughout the West, crept home protesting the innocence of its intentions. So violent was the purely Western opposition to the stockmen's proposals that the chief of the Forest Service thought the threat could not arise again for years to come.

BUT BEFORE 1953 was a fortnight old, the Livestock Association was making public noises about "the return of the Federal lands to the tax rolls of the states." Characteristically, it neglected to say that the states on being admitted to the Union gave up any claim to these lands or that in acquiring them the states would saddle themselves with conservation and management costs, expose the lands to overgrazing and erosion again, and reduce the amount of Federal aid for roads and other improvements.

Also before 1953 was a fortnight old, Representative Clair Engle (D., California) had introduced a bill in the House that would authorize California to operate the Central Valley project under Federal reclamation law. He admitted that the state-ownership people would not be fully pleased, but he called state operation a step in the direction of state ownership, and hence a step toward the elimination of the offending acreage and power clauses. His bill paralleled in advance Attorney General Herbert Brownell's suggestion of March 2 that the states manage offshore oil production under continued Federal ownership.

Gimme, Gimme, Gimme

We may expect more pressure for local ownership or local operation, more political support for the Corps of Engineers, whose projects are so opportunely uninhibited, more efforts to have acreage limitations voided on particular projects. The trick of playing off one bureau against another is as old as reclamation itself. Resisting it involves more than a simple defense of the Bureau of Reclamation against the Corps of Engineers, for conservation forces themselves are divided on the wisdom of some projects. Hydroelectric power sites do not last forever; they silt up or suffer impaired flow, and some must be conserved for the future. Moreover, the Hoover Commission's recommendation that Engineers and Reclamation Bureau be fused into one civilian agency meets not only bureau resistance but doubts among the friends of reclamation. The one point on which there is agreement among conservationists is that the Corps of Engineers should be brought under the same organic law, subject to the same restrictions and with the same obligation to enforce them, that the Bureau of Rec-

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lamation works under. Otherwise the whole program will be cracked open by political manipulations.

How friendly the Eisenhower Administration will be to the revisionists is still an unanswered question. But there are indications, and some of these have got the conservation people worried.

In San Francisco on January 30 the eleventh annual convention of the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association, representing more than three million farmers, passed a resolution condemning the multimillion-dollar private power lobby that aims at destroying public power and the co-operatives that are associated with it. The convention accused the private power industry of manifesting "the same arrogant disregard for the public interest that it showed in the 1920's," and of obstructing court actions and the "very processes of democratic government." In a companion resolution it asked Congress to reject "a barehanded raid on the commonwealth" threatened by "certain vested interests." That raid, it said, would be calculated to turn over the national forests to private exploitation, sell TVA, the Bonneville Power Administration, and other great government projects to private companies, and kill off the Rural Electrification Administration.

In Cleveland on April 11, former President Herbert Hoover bolstered these fears by urging a program whose object would be to get the Federal government "out of the business of generating and distributing power as soon as possible."

Even more disturbing possibilities were hinted at earlier in January by Drew Pearson's report that Senator Hugh Butler (R., Nebraska) already had an omnibus bill calculated to clear the government out of the West. According to Pearson, Butler's justification for the wholesale transfer will be the transfer of the offshore oil lands, on the reasoning that if the coast states are entitled to these prizes, then the other Western states are entitled to the public lands within their borders.

WHAT DOES Secretary of the Interior Douglas McKay say in this uproar, which already begins to look like a pitched battle? Before a closed session of Senator Butler's Interior Committee in January he was reported to have said that he (1) disapproved of "some of the efforts to build up Federal controls over electric power and distribution in the Pacific Northwest; (2) favored transfer of the offshore oil lands to the states (this he repeated before the Committee in February); (3) wanted more control of public lands and electric power at state and local levels instead of in Washington; (4) would not take a definite stand in the jurisdictional dispute between the Departments of the Interior and Agriculture over who should manage the public lands for grazing and lumber production; and (5) approved of continued Federal construction of multipurpose dams, but wanted private power companies to be given a greater share in power distribution and sale. The Secretary seemed to suggest that once government millions had regulated a stream, private power companies might then be allowed to construct power plants at appropriate sites and sell—presumably without wicked government competition—this power to consumers. To one Western conservationist, McKay's program looks like "skim milk for the taxpayer, higher rates for the power user, and cream for the private utilities."

The same dubious construction could be put upon McKay's remarks, early in March, that the continued presence of many thousands of Indians on reservations was an anachronism. Skeptics remember that several Indian reservations have turned out to contain riches in oil, vanadium, and power sites; and history records how Indians have fared when put in private possession of land coveted by white Americans.

Dark Clouds Gathering

The wider the base, said Alexander Hamilton, the better the democratic system will work. The more interests represented, the less danger there is that a single one will be able to dominate. Absentee landlordism of the Federal kind may sometimes suffer from insufficient information, but it is less subject to manipulation or subversion, and in questions of policy it almost invariably will take a broader view than local interests or local government.

The related problems of the public domain dramatize as nothing else can the fundamental differences of philosophy between the Truman and Eisenhower Administrations. If these differences are as great as some people think, the fight over the public domain may be the biggest fight in the Eighty-third Congress. And if the private interests persist in pushing an apparent political advantage against a conservation movement that often sleeps but is a giant when aroused, this issue could cause the Republicans to lose control of the Eighty-fourth Congress.

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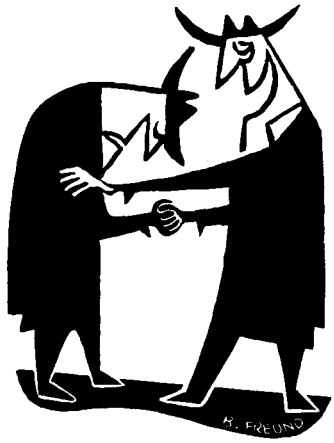
The Apostasy Of Homer Capehart



ROBERT BENDINER

FOR THE POLITICIAN who has gone far on faithful, plodding partisanship, few diseases are as ravaging as a sudden addiction to independent thought. Unless checked at once, the malady raises the hackles of his chief supporters, sets his friends to whispering, and attracts damagingly suspicious tributes from his enemies. That no politician with so much as a shred of spirit is immune is proved for all time by the recent succumbing of Senator Homer E. Capehart (R., Indiana), long regarded as a man of cast-iron resistance to unconventional germs of every sort.

Until a few months ago Senator Capehart was as hearty a specimen of orthodox salesman-turned-legislator as the Republican Party has had since the death of Senator Wherry. As such, he was the deadly foe of all types of government interference with the laws of supply and demand except for such obviously American forms as the high protective tariff. He was, in fact, the author of what President Truman in his milder moments called "the terrible Capehart amendment," which price-control advocates agreed had made hash of the Administration's program for checking inflation two years ago.

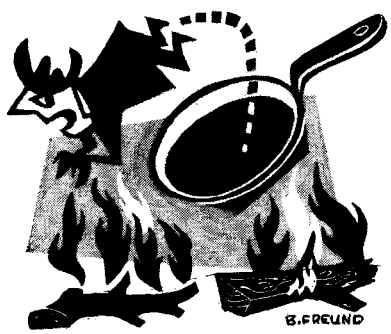
Today Homer Capehart is the champion and savior of stand-by controls for prices, wages, and rents, a status he has clung to over the mild disapproval of the Eisenhower Administration, the more pronounced disapproval of Senate Republican leader Robert A. Taft, and the most emphatic disapproval of lobbyists who once looked upon his portly frame as a living shrine of free enterprise.

Backsliding Brother

To the lobbyists especially, Senator Capehart's shift from Jekyll to Hyde could hardly have been swifter or more disconcerting. Testifying before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, which Capehart now heads, Paul Van Middlesworth, vice-president of the Indiana Property Owners Association of America, Inc., spelled out the disillusionment. "More than a few citizens," he warned, "have expressed their surprise that our senior Senator has sponsored Senate bill 753," with its acceptance of the New Dealish principle that there are moments of crisis when government is justified in regulating the economy. "Many of us think that this philosophy comes from the 'left.' . . . Certainly it is a philosophy that is perfectly suited to the nefarious purposes of every socialist, Communist, and Communist dupe in the country."

Capehart admits that the words jolted him. An established saint in the cult of untrammeled business, he was hearing the chant that precedes excommunication: "leftist," "socialist," "Communist," "Communist dupe." The grave ceremony might have carried him back to the day when he had called a "cornfield conference" on his 1,800-acre Indiana farm for the purpose of "showing the Republicans how to block the New Deal," and so laid the groundwork for his political career. No Dewey lover, he had clung fiercely and vocally to the sect within the G.O.P. that believed the Disaster of 1948 had come about solely because "we me-too'ed 'em." He had felt so strongly on the subject of General MacArthur's ousting that, following a radio debate one evening, he swung a few misguided haymakers at Senators Humphrey and Lehman. And when Alger Hiss was convicted, the Senator from Indiana had not only called for the firing of Dean Acheson, not only demanded that the President "apologize" for having mistaken a Red spy for a red herring; he had gone on to seek the scalp of Justice Felix Frankfurter for having testified that the defendant had once enjoyed a good reputation.

ABOVE ALL, it was Capehart who had played hob with the Truman Administration's effort to keep even a shaky lid on prices. This purpose he had effected by sliding into the Defense Production Act at the last minute a clause forbidding the government to fix price ceilings lower



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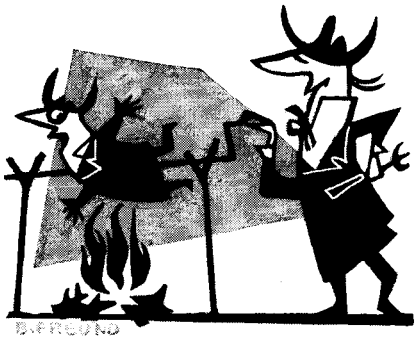


than the levels prevailing between January 25 and February 24, 1951—then the highest in the history of the country—and furthermore allowing a seller to include in his price any "reasonable" cost increase incurred up to a specified date. An "economic booby trap," Truman called it, and the mildest epithet forthcoming from the unions was "a fraud on the American people."

And now here was this same Capehart, with his own party in power, fathering and promoting a bill to keep the odious controls alive—in a deep freeze pending a catastrophe like all-out atomic war, if you will, but alive nevertheless—when overwhelmingly his old colleagues wanted to bury the whole notion of government controls in a bottomless pit. Senator Taft put the position clearly: "I don't think we should give legal recognition to the principle of controls. We should have a free economy in peacetime. If a big war emergency arises, Congress can act quickly." Mr. Eisenhower sent word that, while he wasn't keen on it, he would accept Capehart's plan for an emergency ninety-day price-wage freeze if Congress didn't think it could act within ten days in the event of a crisis. And Representative Jesse P. Wolcott (R., Michigan), chairman of the House Banking and Currency Committee, was flatly opposed. But Capehart persisted, and under his chairmanship the Senate Banking and Currency Committee held hearings which in March brought his old friends to Washington to save the country from the Capehart brand of socialism.

The Downward Path

Once fairly launched on a life of political sin, Capehart has found it *hard to check his headlong course.* At first, taking his entrenched position for granted, he sounded the note of sweet reasonableness. No one could be more opposed than he to controls of any sort in time of peace, but suppose New York were atom-bombed and the country were in the grip of the grimmest peril in its history? We would need some check then, and "If we prepare ourselves for a system of controls to combat a possible inflationary situation, we will do most to prevent the very situation we all fear." But bit by bit, after hearing the livestock lobby's verdict of "unalterably opposed" and similar judgments from the dairy people, the retailers, the manufacturers, and the farm groups, a note of pique overlaid with wistfulness crept into the Senator's manner. All the businessmen, he complained, were against him, and he felt he ought to warn them:

"I don't think the people on fixed incomes in this country take much satisfaction from the thought that businessmen, and this Administration, are not prepared to protect them in the event of a sudden surge of inflation in an emergency. You gentlemen ought to help us write this legislation rather than come here and be opposed to it one hundred per cent."

As THE barrage continued, Capehart's spine seemed to stiffen along with his position, both reaching a high degree of rigidity in the clash with Mr. Van Middlesworth, the afore-mentioned professional Property Owner.

Their vigorous passage at arms is perhaps worth recording as an illustration of what momentum can do for a man's politics. Capehart started out mildly enough, explaining how, as chairman, he had to "accept responsibility," had to "get some legislation before this committee" just so the problem could be considered, and how his whole record showed that he was a man to whom economic controls were properly distasteful. Then he added, with more force than syntax: "In other words, the one man that has possibly stood up when he thought you fellows were right and defended you, and has taken the heat, now you same fellows *come in here and condemn me,* which you have a perfect right to do. . . ."

But Van Middlesworth, acknowledging past services, pressed the assault. He rejected the "magic line" which New Dealers, and now Capehart, were trying to sell the public, that "free enterprise is wonderful except in time of war."

It was at this point that Capehart experienced the painful sensation of having Senator John Sparkman (D., Alabama), a prince of the Fair Deal, come to his defense. "I have sat on this committee ever since I have been in the Senate along with Senator Capehart," Sparkman said. "We have a true free-enterprise man as chairman of this committee." But before delivering this possibly mortal encomium, he leaned over and in a whisper inquired of Mr. Capehart: "Homer, are you a leftist?"

STUNG TO his Republican quick, the Senator turned on the witness. "I think you do not have the right to intimate that I am a left-winger or a Communist or a socialist. You understand, I am smiling. I am not the least bit angry about it." All the same, there followed an exchange that propelled the Senator still farther along his heretical way:

Capehart: Are you in favor of the present draft law?

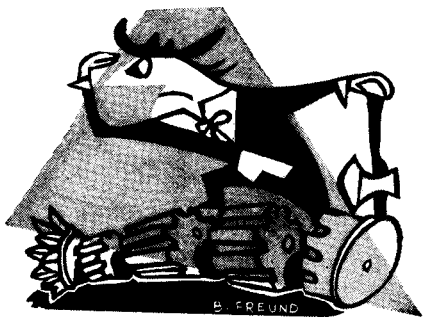
Van Middlesworth: I believe so without having examined it in detail. . . .

Capehart: In other words, you think it is perfectly all right to take the boys and control the boys, but not the material things.

Van Middlesworth: That is right. I do not believe that it is necessary to alter our basic concept of living in America. No, sir.

Capehart: You do not think you alter it, then, when you draft the boys?

Van Middlesworth: We make that



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exception. We grant certain exceptions, but not blanket exceptions.

The witness's artless candor reduced Capehart to murmuring something about having been "elected to represent all the people out there, four million of them." But he came back to the subject a few days later, turning on Senator Wallace F. Bennett (R., Utah), a committee colleague who sympathized with the Van Middlesworth doctrine of exceptions. "My patience is getting thin," Capehart declared, "with those who say you can draft boys but you can't touch prices and profiteering in time of war."

'They Don't Understand'

Back in his office Senator Capehart gives a visitor the impression of one who is still uneasily trying to figure out what happened. Having been picked by the AFL *News-Reporter* for the "1951 All-American Team of Reactionary Senators"—he was named backfield coach—he is not used to being commended by trade unions, as he was recently, or even by an unorthodox business group like the Committee for Economic Development. He is even less used to being a target for the big-business lobbies that he once knew and loved so well.

How, I asked him, did he explain the attitude of these clear-minded men of commerce who had always seen eye to eye with him? "They don't understand," he said. "They don't understand what we're trying to do—haven't thought the thing through." From the hearings, I suggested, it appeared that he had explained pretty fully and that they understood quite well. Capehart distinctly conveyed the impression that he knew there was something less creditable in their position than a mere lack of understanding, but the notion was obviously one he didn't care to explore outside the family. He said something about their fearfulness, their natural distaste for controls—"like people who don't want to buy a cemetery plot even though they know that some day they are going to die."

But the explanation lacked conviction. It was almost as though he had been struck, for the first time, with the possible selfishness of a position that would have been his if he were still selling radios instead of making laws.

If Capehart sees his old colleagues in a somewhat strange light, he is sure that he himself has undergone no change. He is, as always, simply "realistic," his favorite adjective of self-description. It is true that the freeze idea is not new with him—he favored it at the outbreak of the Korean War—and it is true that he is still bearish on controls in any situation short of catastrophe. In connection with the defense-production bill, he voted in committee against even a five-month extension of rent controls. But probably no man can be shaken up the way Capehart has been without undergoing some degree of chemical change.

In the case of a United States Senator, particularly one who presides over a major committee, such chemical flux is apt to show up in the form of political deviation. Did it strike him, I asked with this very thought in mind, that if he, of all people, could be suspected of harboring socialistic ideas, others might be suffering these days from similarly careless labeling? "Well," he replied, "during the war everybody was a Nazi who didn't behave the way you wanted him to. Now they're Communists."

Capehart, by the way, voted to confirm the nomination of Charles E. Bohlen as Ambassador to Russia, despite his erstwhile passion against all who had a hand in the foreign policies of Harry S. Truman. The decision was hard, he admitted on the floor of the Senate, and "these are times that try men's souls." But if Bohlen was good enough for the President (the Senator was an ardent Taft man himself), if the President could visit with Bohlen's family and play golf with him, then he was good enough for Capehart.

People who know the Senator from Indiana don't expect him to dye the Potomac pink, despite the fears of Van Middlesworth. What they do expect to see is the interesting effect of crude pressure on a stubborn man with an awakened sense of responsibility. "There is a lot of difference," one of his colleagues has remarked, "between being chairman of a committee and merely a member of the minority, and Capehart feels the difference." Unlike many other new chairmen, he has retained the staff appointed when the opposing party controlled his committee, and a Democratic functionary on the Hill calls him "as conscientious a chairman as you'll find in the Senate."

Capehart even thinks it worth complaining about that he has been wrongly "pigeonholed" as a businessman's Senator when in fact he wants only to represent Hoosiers of all caste and degree. It will be "too bad," he adds, "if Congress ever gets to the point where one man represents labor, another business, another the farmers, and so on."

Power and Responsibility

If the Senator has really changed, he will be the last to admit it. Still proud of his role in tripping up the late Administration, he reserves a prominent spot on his office wall for one of those incisive messages that characterized the Truman style of letter writing. "Dear Homer," it reads in part, "I appreciated your letter of the 27th and read it with a lot of interest. It seems to be strictly a political document intended to offset the terrible Capehart amendment to the Production Act. It is too bad that you didn't consider your amendment before it was tacked on. . . . In fact, I read your explanation of it in the Record, and after I read it I was in some doubt as to whether you understood it yourself or not."

The letter worries Capehart's receptionist. "I wish he'd let me take it down," she says, "but he won't." Now it is the Van Middlesworths who appear to think that the Senator doesn't understand what he is doing, and they are finding him every bit as stubborn.

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Any Resemblance . . .

II: Dance Lover

MARYA MANNES

You will find her at any evening of ballet and at most dance recitals. Her name is Lee, she is studying dancing with a pupil of Martha Graham, and she wears her thick, long, straight brown hair pulled back into a horsetail with elastic bands.

You will also recognize her by her sturdy, short, muscular body and by the amount of crude leather she displays on her person—a wide calf belt with coins set in it, a shoulder bag like a horse's feed bag, and sandals with a great many straps. In these her feet are planted almost defiantly.

She wears very full skirts that are too long, and very tight jerseys that display an aggressive bust. Her face is full-lipped and intense.

Lee is very passionate about dancing. It is her life. When she is not actually bending and stretching and leaping and squatting, she is looking at others leap and squat. When she is not looking, she is thinking of dancing, reading of dancing, dreaming of dancing.

This does not mean that she admires all kinds of dancing. Although conceding a certain technical proficiency, Lee finds classical ballet reactionary and frivolous. It is pretty (abhorrent quality) and means nothing. To Lee, everything must *mean something*. The more tragic the meaning, the higher the art. That is why Lee is such a violent partisan of the Graham approach. There is not a movement of the body that does not mean something, usually of a pretty desperate nature.

Lee knows that the dance is far more than a bodily function. To be any good, it must spring from a richly cultivated mental and emotional soil. Lee's soil is composed of Kafka, Sartre, the *Partisan Review*, and Jackson Pollock. The plot is wide enough to include Hieronymus Bosch and Henry Miller, but then the fence begins. In Lee's mind nothing created before 1900 is of any interest (except Bosch), and nothing lucid is of any importance. Only complexity has meaning. So when Lee recognizes an object in a painting, that damns the painter; and when she understands a line in a poem, that poet is representational and therefore lousy. As obscurity is a cherished quality in much of art, Lee is a happy girl.

In contrast to this, her moral concepts are surprisingly out of date. She believes in untrammeled sex as a free expression of personality. Lee dismisses monogamy as a delusion. She alarms most of the young men she knows with repeated hints at producing a baby. Illegitimately, of course. There would be no point in a legitimate one.

Next to embarrassing men, Lee finds deep enjoyment in embarrassing the government. This takes the form of agitating for immediate action when the government is either incapable of taking it or engaged in delicate maneuvers to avoid it. The action would be fatal, but Lee is for it. She is currently picketing the consulate of an ally for motives which bear no relation to the actual facts but which bear every relation to Lee's emotions.

Like the Russians, Lee has a vocabulary all her own. It goes something like this: Authority = dictatorship. Diplomat = fool. Patience = cowardice. Wisdom = inertia. Breeding = snobbishness. Charm = hypocrisy. The Past = reaction. Anyone Who Lives Comfortably = a reactionary.

These definitions have one common denominator: innocence. Lee has never known authority; never met a diplomat; never had patience; lacks wisdom; possesses no breeding; exerts no charm; is ignorant of the past; and lives uncomfortably.

In spite of this, Lee will probably develop into a very good dancer, of the school which defies the essence of the dance by never leaving the ground. As her center of gravity is very low, this is all for the best.

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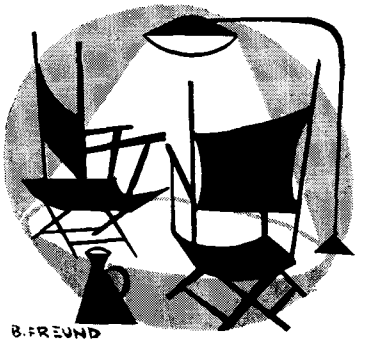
The Hollywood Revival of 196?

BILL MAULDIN

THE MASSIVE sliding door of Stage 8 creaked rustily open an inch or two, rupturing a half-dozen cobwebs between latch and sill and raising a little cloud of dust along the vast stage floor as a rain-laden Los Angeles wind blew through the long-unused opening. Two sad, suspicious eyes in a haggard, hungry man's face under a tattered and dripping hat-brim peered warily at the huge emptiness within, and presently more heads appeared at the crack.

The door slid back another foot or so and the Gonzales family trooped in, all twelve of them, including Mama, Papa, Grandfather, two aunts, six children aged five to nineteen, and the eldest daughter's fiancé. They were grateful for the first shelter they had found since crossing the border at Tijuana one night almost a week ago, but they stepped furtively, ready to bolt in an instant, for they were not only trespassers but something worse—"wetbacks." They had sneaked in from Mexico illegally, hoping for fruit-picking jobs in Oregon.

THE GONZALESES needn't have worried about Stage 8. The last watchman had departed years ago, not even bothering to lock up, after his pay check from Sam Botlick in New York had failed to arrive for the third week in a row. This was not like Sam, who had personally founded Metroversal Studios back in 1919 with the slogan "When Better Movies Are Made Metroversal Will Make Them," and had lovingly built it into the behemoth enterprise in which No. 8 was but one of thirty-five stages, the smallest containing sixteen thousand square feet of floor space and the largest boasting a tank



in which floated an old battleship.

In fact, Sam's parting words to the watchman before heading east with the last chartered trainload of writers and producers had been, "Joe, the money may be in television but my heart will always be in Hollywood. Some day there will be another gimmick like Cinerama or Third Dimension to give the old racket a shot in the arm for a while, and I'll be back. Take care of things, Joe."

It was unthinkable that Sam would have just forgotten and abandoned the great, sprawling studio he had loved so long, with its millions of dollars' worth of equipment left scattered around the stages. The watchman should have had patience. If he had taken the trouble to investigate, he would have found that the reason he hadn't gotten his pay was that postal service in Hollywood had been discontinued after the population had dwindled to three civil-service pensioners too old to leave and a used-Cadillac dealer stuck with a lot full of outdated convertibles.

NO MATTER, Sam's property was in no danger from the Gonzales family. They stood there threadbare and pinched with hunger, dwarfed by the size of the stage, clutching their little bundles of possessions, gazing about in wonder at the dust-coated paraphernalia they saw in the deep gloom: the cameras, the mike booms festooned with cobwebs, the batteries of massive lights with mice nesting in them, the forty-foot-high backdrops of seas and mountains with the paint scaling off. But they were honest. They wanted only shelter for the night, and there was plenty of shelter here for a regiment.

Then the twelve-year-old son did a bold thing. He pushed a switch. Somewhere far off there was a wheezy mechanical cough and a generator whirred. Like magic the great lights blazed up and Stage 8 came to life under the glare of a hundred suns.

"*¡Madre mia!*" cried Mrs. Gonzales as her two youngest burrowed into her skirts and her voice ricocheted among the backdrops with lesser sounds of scurrying and squeaking as countless small, wild creatures, including a number of singed mice, scurried for cover.

The grandfather cornered a couple of fat rabbits in a portable dressing room, and Mrs. Gonzales cooked them over an arc light. Cheered by the nourishment and feeling safer by the minute, the family hung its steaming outer garments up to dry and began to laugh and chatter. The grandfather poked among some musical props and came up with a real find: a guitar! Mama and Papa danced a little fandango. The fiancé made shy love to the eldest daughter, he pecking and cooing at her soft neck and she ducking and blushing and gently slapping. The smaller children ran wild among the wardrobe racks, trying on costumes and chasing each other in the dust.

The party went on far into the night. Mama and Papa got into a fight about whether to press on straight to Oregon or try for work first in the central California vineyards. Papa got excited and slapped Mama; she pounded his head against the stage floor until he screamed for mercy. They got up and danced another fandango to Grandfather's music. One by one, the children fell asleep in their outlandish costumes. The fiancé and his love went for a stroll beside the canvas sea.

All this time the adventuresome twelve-year-old who had first thrown

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the switch had been happily ensconced on the operator's leather seat behind a $30,000 camera on a $15,000 boom, running it up and down, back and forth, aiming it at first one relative and then another through the little glass peephole in the back. Whether he knew the purpose of the machine or was simply playing at its being some sort of gun we shall never know, because the family departed early next morning, tidying up behind them and hanging all the clothes back on the racks. They were never heard from again.

But the rest is history. Sam Botlick has always vigorously claimed that he personally wrote, cast, and directed the whole production and had been saving it as Hollywood's answer to de Sica and the rest of the arty folk-movie gang in Italy and France. But it is known to a select few that while flying over Southern California one February day en route to Honolulu in the private jet transport he had named *Miss Video,* Sam, purely out of a whim, had his pilot put down on the weed-grown Burbank airport and trekked all the way to his old studio just to look things over and shed a nostalgic tear. He found the footprints in the dust of Stage 8, he found the rabbit bones neatly stacked in a tin can outside the door, and he saw that the big camera had been tampered with.

A LITTLE judicious cutting here and there (the lovers by the sea had to be lap-dissolved into the dance act because the fiancé patted the girl's bottom), a little reorganizing of sequence, dialogue dubbed in, a spot of mood music to accompany the guitar—and every movie house in America that hadn't been converted to a parking garage reopened to capacity crowds. Even the French and Italians confessed that for sheer depth and realism salted with homespun whimsy it topped their best efforts. John McCarten in the *New Yorker* said Hollywood had come of age. The westbound Super Chief had to run in six sections.

Sam Botlick has made many movies since. Although he has come close, he hasn't yet been able to achieve the effect of his original classic, but it doesn't matter, really. His immortality is assured.

Marxist Musicale: The Calf-Length Tutu

PATRICIA BLAKE

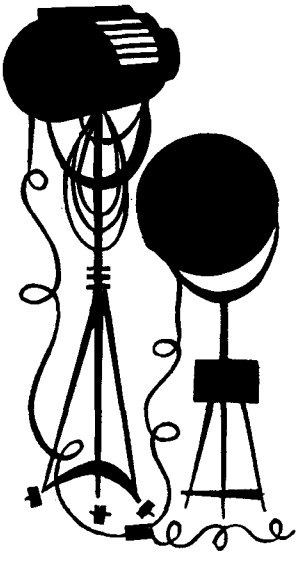
THE Stanley Theatre in New York and other movie houses devoted to the showing of Soviet pictures have long been treating their meager audiences to one of the most enlightening spectacles of our time: the systematic destruction of Russian creative life by the state. A stunning example was recently provided by the movie "Concert of Stars," a multimillion-ruble mishmash of the latest in "proletarian" ballet, symphonic and choral music, folk dancing, patriotic songs, and opera.

Clearly, the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R., in its battle to make movies "a weapon of Communist education," has gone all out on the cultural front for the edification of the Russian masses and the envious admiration of the "oppressed peoples of the West," whose cultural opportunities are limited, the Committee says, by such perversions as modernism, experimentalism, and cosmopolitanism of the middle class. In any case, Russian moviegoers have had exactly the reaction one would have expected: In Russia since the war, more foreign movies than Soviet productions have had to be circulated in order to keep movie houses open and make up the box-office deficits.

The fact is that this potpourri of culture—the scraps of ballet, the leftovers of folk art, the odds and ends of songs to Lenin and Stalin—which the Central Committee has served up in "Concert of Stars" has about as much appeal to a proletarian as the sixty-hour week. This movie and others like it represent nothing less than the bad taste of the most notorious Philistine on earth—the state. Only at brief moments does "Concert of Stars" give a sense of authenticity, of a creativity drawn from the great artistic traditions of Russia. Those moments are both heartbreaking and heartening. A fine performance of nineteenth-century opera and the high quality of individual dancers, singers, and instrumentalists testify that the performing artist has managed to survive in the Soviet Union, while the creative artist is paralyzed by the taste, the whims, and the ideological needs of the bureaucrat.

Dancers and Singers

Take the case of the Soviet ballet, hailed as one of the greatest of the people's achievements. In a country where any kind of artistic experimentation and innovation is forbidden, Soviet ballet may be diagnosed as a clinical case of arrested develop-



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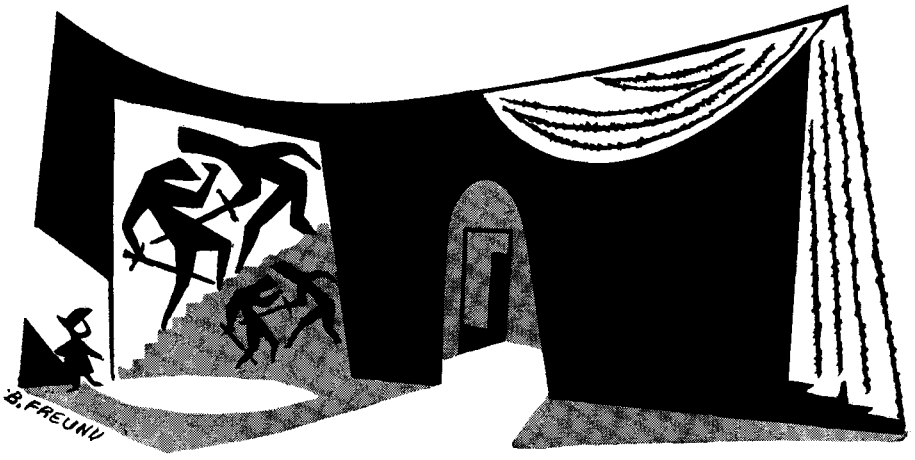

ment. It is still the ballet of the Czars, or rather, since no art can remain static, it has deteriorated into a tasteless travesty of the past. All that can be said about Soviet ballet today is that the technical brilliance of the dancing is about the same as that of the New York City Ballet and the Sadler's Wells Company.

But the quality of ballet depends on the unity of several factors: the music, choreography, and the sets, as well as the dancing. The sets that are seen in "Concert of Stars" consist largely of papier-mâché mountains and fountains, and the choreographers who worked on Chopin's *La Valse* and Glazunov's *Raymonda* undoubtedly must have been hard of hearing.

The music serves only as background for singularly dull *pas de deux,* much as Muzak serves the dinner conversation of a married couple on their Saturday night out. The excerpt from Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet* (a bonus given on the same program with "Concert of Stars") is particularly saddening. The lovely ballet score of one of the greatest composers of our time—so often excoriated and purged by the Soviets in his lifetime, so often forced to expiate his "bourgeois" errors in composition by writing hymns to Stalin—is the setting for the most wretched goings-on in Verona.

The choreographer saw fit to transform the *corps de ballet* into what appear to be Veronese *Lumpenproletariat,* dragging its feet across the stage. Even the famous ballerina Ulanova seems more frustrated in her activities by the length of her skirt than by the absence of Romeo. Indeed, the spirit of any audience might be dampened by Comrade Ulanova's calf-length tutus, worn in conformity with the prudish dictates of the Central Committee.

Soviet opera performance is quite another story, at least as regards classical opera, where both the best and the worst features of the Russian tradition seem to have been maintained. "Concert of Stars" offers excerpts from two masterpieces of nineteenth-century opera, Glinka's *Ivan Susanin* and Tchaikovsky's *The Queen of Spades.* Both are what the Central Committee should despise, truly cosmopolitan works in the sense that they derive from the best of western musical traditions. And both are genuinely popular works; since their first performance neither has ever left the programs of Russian opera houses. Despite pressure from the Central Committee, which likes librettos about the Five-Year Plans and is crazy about folk tunes from Minsk, the Russian people still prefer the poetic imagination of a Pushkin, the universal lyricism of a Tchaikovsky, and the elegant majesty of a Glinka to all the folksy Marxist drivel that passes for modern opera in the Soviet Union.

The artists heard in "Concert of Stars" sing the great music of the past with passion; their voices are nothing less than superb. And if the vocal textures tend to be overluscious, let it be said that the Central Committee has no monopoly on vulgarity, and that a particular kind of hearty bad taste in singing has always been a Russian forte. Despite this flaw, no one, proletarian or bourgeois, could be unmoved by the peasant hero Ivan Susanin's beautiful aria to the dawn, sung in a bass as virile and massive as his great beard, or by Herman's heart-rending seduction of poor Lisa in *The Queen of Spades.*

Shostakovich Obeys

The rest of the picture is devoted to the presentation of the patriotic and folksy arts, so dear to the heart of the Central Committee: an Armenian sword dance to the tune of Khatchatourian's *Gayane,* a dozen tail-coated gentlemen strumming balalaikas in a concert hall decorated with six crystal chandeliers, folk dances and songs of the various Republics, a hymn to Lenin, and an array of lady soloists wearing "People's Artist" medals where an American producer would have put a plunging neckline.

All this is very interesting, and the fuss the Central Committee makes about the beauties of Russian folk art is perhaps justified; the music is quaint, the dancing lively, and the young people who perform are marvelously handsome. Yet the knowledge that these qualities have not prevented that same Committee from persecuting and liquidating entire national groups in Russia, and the fact that the vicious purge of modern musicians in 1946 commanded composers to drink at the fountain of folk art—or else—add nothing to the pleasure of the evening. And indeed, one of the results of this command, Shostakovich's *Song of the Forests,* makes a suitable grand finale for the picture. It is hard to believe and tragic to contemplate that such a gifted musician could have composed a work so cheap and so primitive as this absurd oratorio about little Red Pioneers who chop wood in the forests to the greater glory of Stalin.

As for the quality of the photography in "Concert of Stars," this movie is just another example of the mediocrity resulting from the curtailment of interchange of ideas with foreign experts—i.e., "servility to foreign culture." Soviet film techniques today are clearly far behind those of Europe and America. What was once the most interesting cinema in the world—the flowering of the 1920's and 1930's which produced classics

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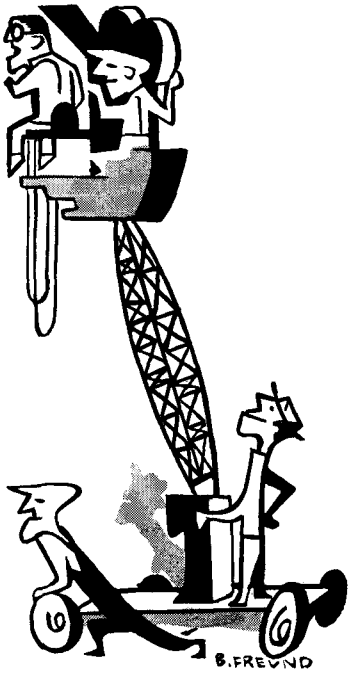
like "Potemkin" and "October"—has now been reduced to the barren steppes of the Bureau of Agitation and Propaganda.

ALL THE Soviet films we see today are evidence that a totalitarian state can and must establish its tyranny over any activity where the word or image can conceivably be said to reach man's mind. They testify that the tyrant, by definition, both despises and fears the intellectual, the artist, the "egghead." "What I do not understand is dangerous to the State," the words of the Russian satirist Saltykov, might well be the motto of the cultural dictators of Russia and of all those self-appointed censors the world over who make of their ignorance a patriotic virtue.

As Hollywood might say, "Everybody should see this picture." Everybody, that is, who has a measure of respect for the artist and sufficient imagination in these days of hatred to conceive the indignity suffered by the individual Russian. For these moviegoers, the sound of a man's voice singing, the movements of a graceful dancer, and the hands of a young violinist will speak of the creative vitality of a people who somehow, in those secret places of the mind and heart where art is nourished, have resisted the onslaughts of the tyrant, the bureaucrat, and the Philistine.



Palm-Wine Drinkard Searches for a Tapster

ERIC LARRABEE

IN WEST AFRICA there is only one African novelist, as far as I could discover on a recent trip there, who has begun to write of his own volition in a manner that might be called African. Politically and psychologically, Africans enjoy a larger degree of freedom in West Africa than elsewhere on the continent, but in the arts and letters their development is not without difficulties.

The British are, by and large, indifferent to the African culture except as a museum piece, and the French, while more sympathetic, alternate between encouraging Africans to write and paint and being discouraged by results that are insufficiently Gallic. The enterprising African is much more likely to go to work for the government, where he can put on glasses and necktie and safely harass the white man with the white man's own weapons of legalism, bombast, and chicane.

But in Nigeria there is at least one African who has by-passed this adolescent stage in the growth of Africa into modern society and gone on to something altogether different.

His name is Amos Tutuola. His first book, *The Palm-Wine Drinkard*, was published in England by Faber in May, 1952, and had already achieved a passable success in Africa by November. It will be published here by the Grove Press.

The Palm-Wine Drinkard was on sale in the largest department store in Lagos, and also at the British Council in Accra, Gold Coast, where the original drawing of the dust jacket had been framed and hung on the wall. At the University College of Nigeria at Ibadan, I encountered British intellectuals who thought little of the book, but they had at least felt compelled to read it. Perhaps they were a little put out at the fact that the college bookstore had received letters from the author urging them to keep it in stock.

Many Trees, Many Friends

The Palm-Wine Drinkard is a work of fantasy, written in English but not an English of this world. The style is unschooled but oddly expressive. (The publishers reproduce a page of the manuscript to show the minor nature of their editing.) The story elements are almost wholly African, and few European derivations are apparent—unless the author was exposed to *Pilgrim's Progress* in childhood and has since forgotten about it. Here is the opening paragraph:

"I was a palm-wine drinkard since I was a boy of ten years of age. I had no other work more than to drink palm-wine in my life. In those days we did not know other money, except COWRIES [seashells], so that everything was very cheap, and my father was the richest man in our town."

The palm-wine drinkard's father engages for him an expert tapster, a man to climb the palm trees and tap the wine, and gives him a tree farm nine miles square, with 560,000 palm trees. "So my friends were uncountable by that time and they were drinking palm-wine with me from morning till a late hour in the night."

One day the tapster, working at the top of one of the tallest trees, "fell down unexpectedly and died at the foot of the palm-tree as a result of injuries." The drinkard and his friends bury him there, but afterward "my friends did not come to my house again, they left me there

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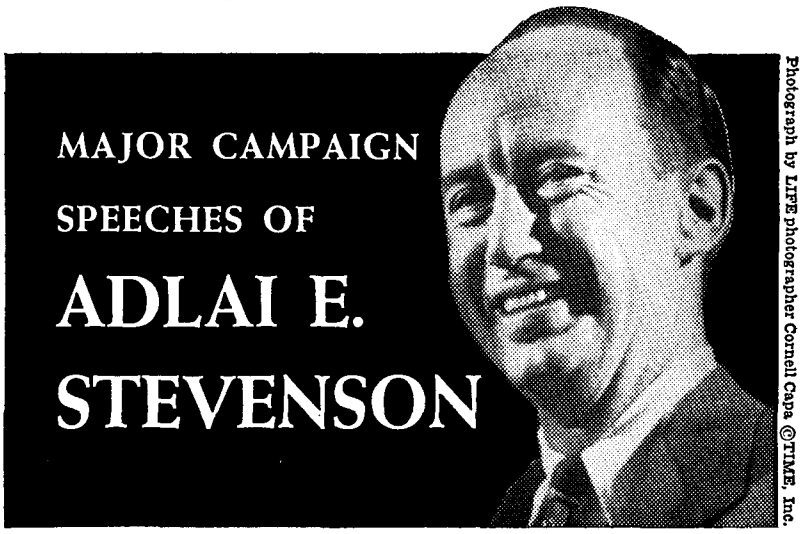

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alone . . ." Unable to find a tapster "who could tap the palm-wine to my requirement," the drinkard has to take to ordinary water—"which I was unable to taste before"—and his friends avoid him.

"When I saw that there was no palm-wine for me again, and nobody could tap it for me, then I thought within myself that old people were saying that the whole people who had died in this world, did not go to heaven directly, but they were living in one place somewhere in this world. So that I said that I would find out where my palm-wine tapster who had died was.

"One fine morning, I took all my native juju and my father's juju with me and I left my father's hometown to find out whereabouts was my tapster who had died."

'Deads' Town'

The rest of the book tells of the drinkard's supernatural wanderings on the way to "Deads' Town" and back. It differs from traditional descents to the Underworld in that the hero acquires a wife and they continue as a couple. (He rescues her from a Skull, who each day rents the necessary parts of a body to make himself into a "complete gentleman" and returns them in the evening.) They suffer many ordeals, overcome them by prodigies of magic, and eventually find the tapster—only to discover that he cannot come away with them, since he had "spent two years in training" and "had qualified as a full dead man . . ."

The narrative is imaginatively rich, with imagery drawn from both African legend and modern realities (like sandpaper, telephone, and football fields), and it seems to treat the racial relationship between black and white chiefly by ignoring it—

which is not a bad idea. *The Palm-Wine Drinkard* may not be, indeed, a product of genius, but it is certainly that of an unusual talent, seeking to express itself in spite of unusual obstacles.

THE FAME of the book, curiously enough, has not yet achieved fame for its author. Amos Tutuola is a messenger boy in the government Labour Department in Lagos. "Most people," the American consul told me, "don't know who he is or where he is." He is thirty-three years old and unmarried, a farmer's son from a large town sixty-odd miles north of Lagos. He had six years of elementary education and further training as a blacksmith; during the war he was a metalworker for the R.A.F. His present salary is eighty-five pounds (about $240) a year, and in November he had not yet received royalties from the book.

I had asked to have an interview with the author at the U.S. consulate, which may have been a mistake, for he was painfully shy and probably suspicious of my motives. The conversation was uncomfortable and inconclusive for both of us. It only occurred to me later that he might never have been interviewed before, and I wonder what he made of it all.

The Literary Agent

As an exercise in imagination, try to conceive of an author who (1) probably has never met another author, (2) owns no books, (3) is not known to his daily acquaintances as an author, (4) has no personal contact with his publisher, (5) is not certain where his book is on sale, and (6) does not think of himself as an author.

To Mr. Tutuola stories are things that exist; he merely puts them down. He is aware that the ability to do so is not universal—"Many people in Lagos cannot write stories"—but the act of composition as such has no creative aura for him. *The Palm-Wine Drinkard* came about because he used to go out on Sundays to a palm plantation, where there was an old man who told stories; presumably many of them are in the book. Mr. Tutuola "composed" it in two days and wrote it in three months, "just playing with it," during 1950, for lack of anything bet-

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ter to do. "I cannot sit down doing nothing," he said. The sale of writing as a commodity he understands, and I suspect he made the natural connection between America and commercial opportunity, but he himself is only its agent. When I asked him what his future writing plans were, he said that possibly there were more stories down on the farm and that if I liked he might be able to get some. "Leave the matter for me."

Mr. Tutuola's second novel, *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts,* has been in the hands of his publishers for nearly a year. It seems to him perfectly natural that they should wait "until they have seen the reception of this one." Press clippings of *The Palm-Wine Drinkard's* reviews in England have been sent to him, and he is conscious—perhaps too conscious—of minor flaws, of his own naïveté, of being treated as a curiosity. "The grammar is not correct at all. I made many mistakes."

One wonders how a man like this can become important in Nigeria except by becoming pretentious. I went to the Labour Department later, to get him to sign my copy of his book, and found him sitting in a corner in his loose-fitting uniform, asleep. I had to get to him past row on row of bespectacled Nigerians, sitting at their desks in bureaucratic self-satisfaction and palpably annoyed at the breach of decorum in a white man's calling on a messenger. He asked me what I wanted him to write and then, after signing the inscription, he said: "I think, when you reach there, the U.S.A., you write a letter to me." I said I would, but why did he want me to?

"So I know you not forget me."

A Darker Book

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

BLANKET BOY, by Peter Lanham, based on an original story by A. S. Mopeli-Paulus, Chieftain of Basutoland. *Crowell. $3.50.*

DRIVEN across African deserts by wars fought and lost in the unrecorded past, the Basutos brought their memories, their devotion to their chiefs, their dependence on witch doctors, their desire to escape from conflict and fear and hunger to the mountainous region of South Africa which now is called Basutoland. Doubtless, before they settled there, they did all possible investigating to discover latent dangers. They sent out scouting parties which came back saying that all was well: The neighboring nations seemed either pacific or weak; treaties could be made; there were no monsters other than those that the witch doctors were accustomed to propitiate. It was safe, the chiefs decided, to start cultivating the land and to breed ponies and cattle.

There were no geologists in the Basuto scouting parties. No one suspected that close to where they settled the earth thinly covered certain minerals which, in the course of time, would seem of immense value to tribes more warlike and powerful than any they had encountered in the past. The wisest of the Basuto men could not foresee that anything like Johannesburg would ever be built.

That is why Monare, the hero of this stern book, even though many years had passed since the founding

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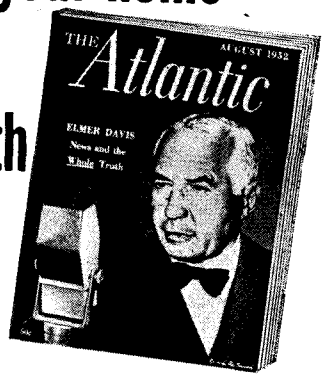

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of his nation, was unprepared for contact with the white people and why in the end they hanged him by the neck.

MONARE'S story was told to an Englishman who worked for the South African Corporation by a Basutoland chieftain, A. S. Mopeli-Paulus, whose brief introduction to this novel is a remarkable combination of pride and restraint. Speaking as a member of one of Basutoland's "Ruling Houses," the chieftain, now employed in a Johannesburg law office, gives this guarantee: "The views expressed in this book on questions of color and segregation are substantially those held by the majority of my people; the descriptions of the treatment accorded to the Black people by the White people are not exaggerated."

These In-Between Times

The Basuto young men come from their villages to Johannesburg to make money working in the mines. The process can make them or destroy them. Exceptional strength of character is needed to avoid destruction. The men live in compounds without women, and that is like being in prison. The effect is devastating. The Basuto men who work in the mines cannot go anywhere without a pass. They are forbidden their native home-brew beer, so they drink

hopped-up contraband. The local police shove them around. It is a wise Basuto boy who makes his money, goes home, and stays there.

That is what Monare tried to do. He wanted to be a "blanket boy," to wear the bright-colored blanket traditional in his tribe; he wanted to live in his home country. So after he had made some money in the mines, he went home and bought cattle; he gave the cattle in exchange for a wife—a girl from a chieftain's family—and the only trouble was that he was too successful. His chief made him his right-hand man. Then the dark African past overtook him: He was sent out to bring back medicine for the witch doctor's medicine horn; the medicine was the right ear, the lower lip, and the right eye torn from a living man who is then murdered.

Monare was a Christian—he will end up a Mohammedan because the Christians fight each other and call each other liars—but he obeyed his chief's orders: "How terrible it is to be born a Mosotho. To have the white man's religion, and yet to have the customs of the land as they had been before the coming of the missionaries. It would have been better to have lived in Lesotho a hundred years ago, or to have been born a hundred years hence. To live in these in-between times is difficult."

To the white man's justice, ritual murder is murder. Monare became a fugitive. He hid himself in Johannesburg, took drugs, and it was then that the ancient horror was re-enacted: His son saw his nudity—and not while the father was drunk and asleep as it happened to Noah, but in a condition far more shocking than drunkenness. He fled to Durban, worked on the docks, found another face of racial intolerance—the common hatred of both whites and blacks for the Indians. He made his way to Portuguese Mozambique, to the city of Lourenço Marques. There, befriended by Mohammedans, he could have lived in peace, for to his amazement he discovered that among the Portuguese color is no bar to citizenship. It was not his destiny to live in peace but to learn that it was justice that he should be arrested and executed for the murder he had committed—and to learn that by the sacrifice of his body he would enter eternal life.

THIS is a nightmarish book which conveys a shockingly real story. It is hard to imagine what life can be for its authors—the Englishman and the Basuto living in the land governed by Dr. Malan. It is hard to believe that white men in South Africa could sleep well after reading *Blanket Boy*. It is hard to believe that *Blanket Boy* would make agreeable reading for our representatives in the United Nations, who, after showing considerable interest in the rights of man, are instructed to abstain from endorsing any condemnation that infringes on sacred sovereignty.

Blanket Boy shows that there can be only tragedy for human beings who have no rights in their native land. It is a threatening book. Monare, about to die, says: "The Black People of Africa need unity; if they were but united, the little that they now demand would be given to them willingly with both hands by the white man. From all I have seen and learned, I have in my heart the fear that a time of great oppression is coming for the African; the white man wants to keep us in our place, and to him, that means on the bottom! I think that through oppression may come unity."

If what Monare says is true, the black people of South Africa moved closer to unity a few days ago when Dr. Malan's party triumphed in the elections.

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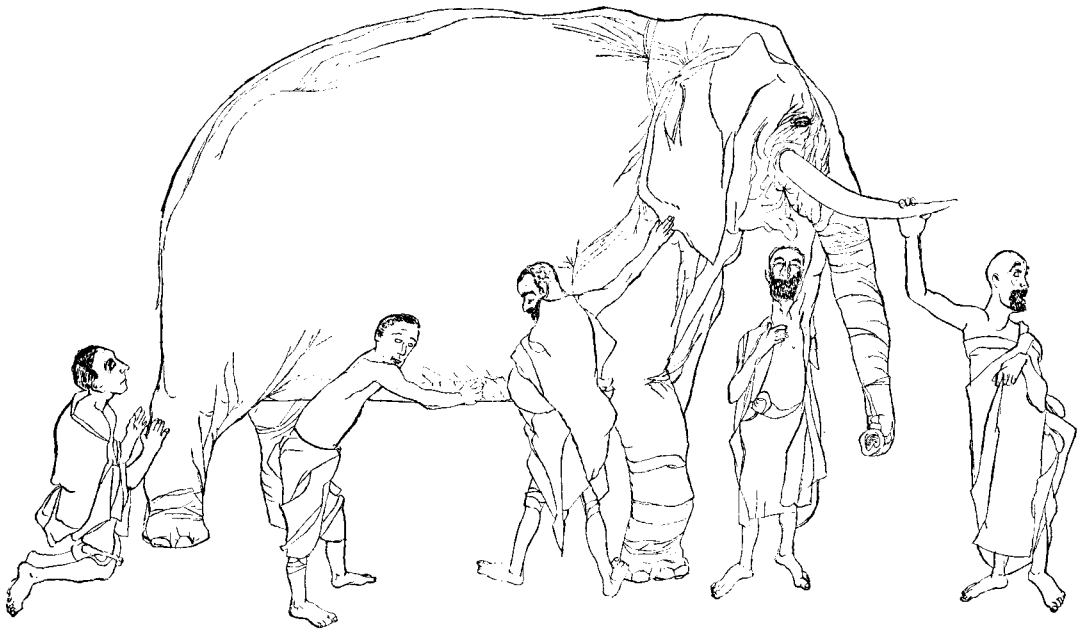

To get the whole truth you have to get the whole picture

THE BLIND MAN who touched the elephant's head said "An elephant is like a water pot." The one who felt his ears said "like a basket." Another fingered the tusks and said "An elephant is like a plow." Feeling the legs, a fourth said "like a post." And the blind man who touched the elephant's belly asserted "An elephant is like a granary."

It's the same way with the news. You touch a part and you think "This is how it is"—*but you may be wrong.* Even when you understand one or more parts of the news perfectly, you may still put the parts together incorrectly, you may still base an inexact over-all picture on them. To get the whole truth, you have to get the whole story.

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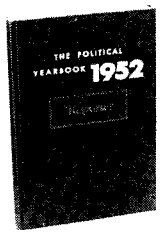

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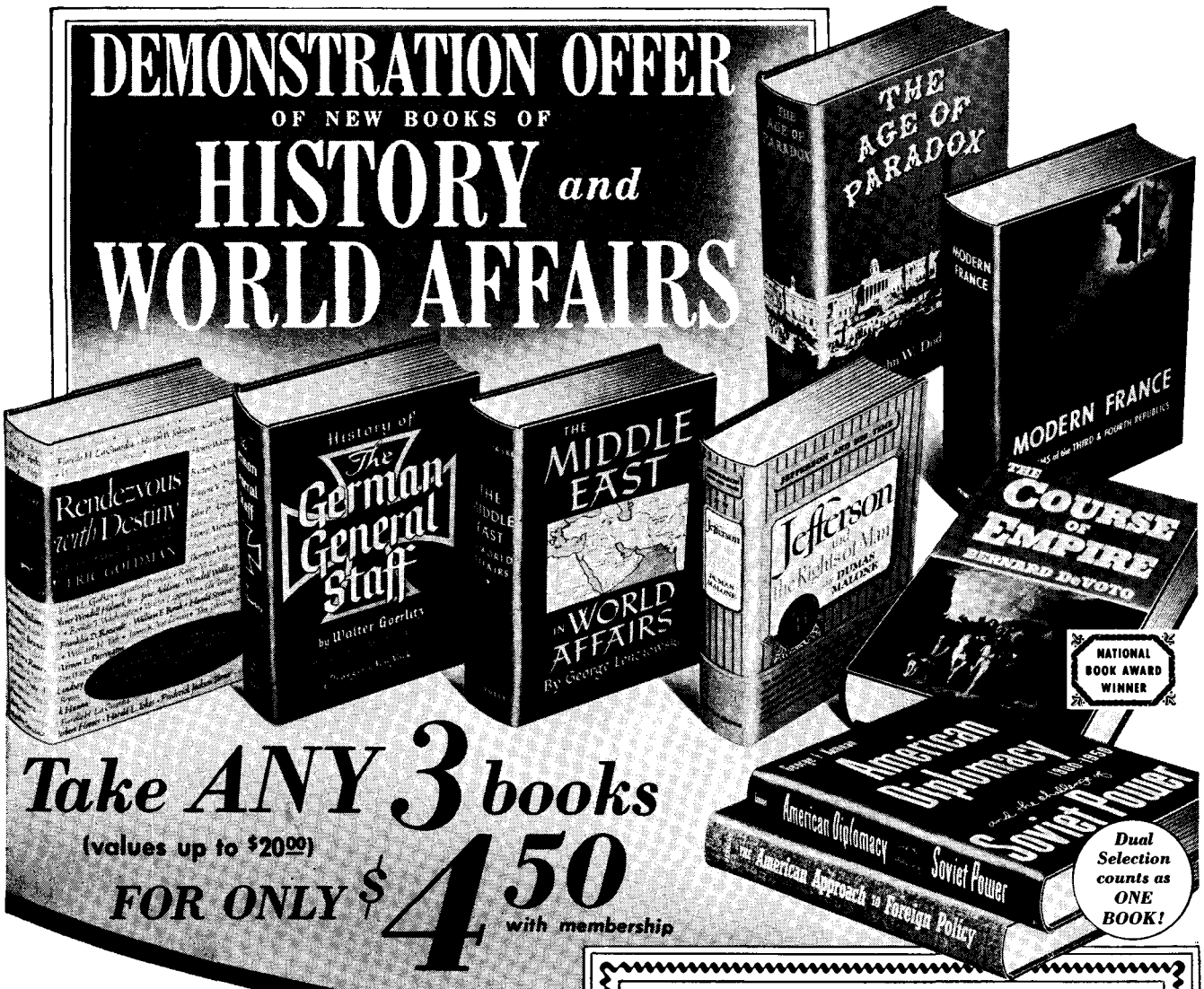
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